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A R M G A R T.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

SCENE I.

A Salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRAULEIN WALFURGA, who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters GRAF DORNBERG at the opposite door in a travelling dress.

GRAF. Good evening, Fräulein!

WALP.

What, so soon returned?

I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF. But now arrived! You see my travelling dress.

I hurried from the panting, roaring steam

Like any courier of embassy

Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALP. You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF.

Has sung!

'Tis close on half-past nine. The *Orpheus*

Lasts not so long. Her spirits—were they high?

Was Leo confident?

WALP.

He only feared

Some tameness at beginning. Let the house

Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF. And Armgart?

WALP.

She was stiller than her wont.

But once, at some such trivial word of mine,

As that the highest prize might yet be won

By her who took the second—she was roused.

"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.
I never strove for any second prize."

GRAF. Poor human-hearted singing-bird! She bears
Caesar's ambition in her delicate breast,
And nought to still it with but quivering song!

WALP. I had not for the world been there to-night:
Unreasonable dread oft chills me more
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF. You have a rare affection for your cousin;
As tender as a sister's.

WALP. Nay, I fear
My love is little more than what I felt
For happy stories when I was a child.
She fills my life that would be empty else,
And lifts my nought to value by her side.

GRAF. She is reason good enough, or seems to be,
Why all were born whose being ministers
To her completeness. Is it most her voice
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,
Informing each old strain with some new grace
Which takes our sense like any natural good?
Or most her spiritual energy
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALP. I know not. Losing either, we should lose
That whole we call our Armgar. For herself,
She often wonders what her life had been
Without that voice for channel to her soul.
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs—
Made her a Maenad—made her snatch a brand
And fire some forest, that her rage might mount
In crashing roaring flames through half a land,
Leaving her still and patient for a while.
"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess—
"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:
I carry my revenges in my throat;
I love in singing, and am loved again."

GRAF. Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.
Too much ambition has unwomaned her;
But only for a while. Her nature hides
One half its treasures by its very wealth,
Taxing the hours to show it.

WALP.

Hark! she comes.

Enter LEO with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for ARMGAR, who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAP. *(advancing towards ARMGAR, who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair).*

A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMG. O kind! you hastened your return for me,
I would you had been there to hear me sing!

Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more
Lest Armgar's wing should fail her. She has found
This night the region where her rapture breathes—
Pouring her passion on the air made live
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo, tell them
How I outsang your hope and made you cry
Because Gluck could not hear me. That was folly!
He sang, not listened: every linked note
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,
And all my gladness is but part of him.
Give me the wreath. *[She crowns the bust of GLUCK].*

LEO. *(sardonically).* Ay, ay, but mark you this:
It was not part of him—that trill you made
In spite of me and reason!

ARMG. You were wrong—
Dear Leo, you were wrong—the house was held
As if a storm were listening with delight
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house
To teach you singing? Quit your *Orpheus* then,
And sing in farces grown to operas,
Where all the prurience of the full-fed mob
Is tickled with melodic impudence:
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your arms
Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,
And set the splendid compass of your voice
To lyric jigs. Go to! I thought you meant
To be an artist—lift your audience

To see your vision, not trick forth a show
To please the grossest taste of grossest numbers.

ARMG. (*taking up LEO's hand, and kissing it*).

Pardon, good Leo, I am penitent.
I will do penance: sing a hundred trills
Into a deep dug grave, then burying them
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself
Of naughty exultation. O I trilled
At nature's prompting, like the nightingales.
Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.

Nature in Gluck inspiring Orpheus,
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-beaks lips?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes! Tell us—who were not there—

The double drama: how the expectant house
Took the first notes.

WALP. (*turning from her occupation of decking the room with the flowers*). Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.

Did you feel tremors? Leo, how did she look?
Was there a cheer to greet her?

LEO. Not a sound.

She walked like Orpheus in his solitude,
And seemed to see nought but what no man saw.
'Twas famous. Not the Schroeder-Devrient
Had done it better. But your blessed public
Had never any judgment in cold blood—
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMG. (*scornfully*). I knew that!

The women whispered, "Not a pretty face!"
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of limb:
She bears the chiton."—It were all the same
Were I the Virgin Mother and my stage
The opening heavens at the Judgment day—
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the price
Of such a woman in the social mart.
What were the drama of the world to them,
Unless they felt the hell-prong?

LEO. Peace, now, peace!

I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er
With sauce of saraphrase, my sober tune

Made bass to rambling trebles, showering down
In endless demi-semi-quavers.

ARMG. (*taking a bon-bon from the table, uplifting it before
putting it into her mouth, and turning away*).

Mum!

GRAF. Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the blame.

WALP. You first, dear Leo—what you saw and heard;

Then Armgar—she must tell us what she felt.

LEO. Well! The first notes came clearly firmly forth,

And I was easy, for behind those rills

I knew there was a fountain. I could see

The house was breathing gently, heads were still;

Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,

And human hearts were swelling. Armgar stood

As if she had been new-created there

And found her voice which found a melody.

The minx! Gluck had not written, nor I taught:

Orpheus was Armgar, Armgar Orpheus.

Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel

The silence tremble now, now poise itself

With added weight of feeling, till at last

Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note

Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar

That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,

Till expectation kept it pent awhile

Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was changed:

My demi-god was pale, had downcast eyes

That quivered like a bride's who fain would send

Backward the rising tear.

ARMG. (*advancing, but then turning away as if to check her
speech*). I was a bride,

As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO. Ay, my lady,

That moment will not come again: applause

May come and plenty; but the first, first draught!

[*Snaps his fingers.*]

Music has sounds for it—I know no words.

I felt it once myself when they performed

My overture to Sintram. Well! 'tis strange,

We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). O, pleasure has cramped dwelling
in our souls,

And when full being comes must call on pain
To lend it liberal space.

WALP. I hope the house
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming good
That should have seemed the better and the best.

LEO. No, 'twas a revel where they had but quaffed
Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,
They flame towards climax, though his merit hold
But fairly even.

ARMG. (*her hand on LEO's arm*). Now, now, confess the truth:
I sang still better to the very end—
All save the trill; I give that up to you,
To bite and growl at. Why, you said yourself,
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were oped
That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO. (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.

ARMG. I am not glad with that mean vanity
Which knows no good beyond its appetite
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;
Glad of the proof that I myself have part
In what I worship! at the last applause—
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed
The handkerchiefs and many-coloured flowers,
Falling like shattered rainbows all around—
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?
No, but a happy spiritual star
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose
Of light in Paradise, whose only self
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,
Music, life, power—I moving in the midst
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO. (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a *prima donna* came
Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was proud
To find the bouquet from the royal box
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,

Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own
Ambition has five senses, and a self
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMG.

Own it? why not?

Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?
I sing to living men and my effect
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,
Gold, incense, myrrh—'twill be the needful sign
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF.

Ecstasies

Are short—most happily! We should but lose
Were Armgar borne too commonly and long
Out of the self that charms us. Could I choose,
She were less apt to soar beyond the reach
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARMG. (*taking out the gem and looking at it*).

This little star! I would it were the seed
Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shimmer
Were the sole speech men told their rapture with
At Armgar's music. Shall I turn aside
From splendours which flash out the glow I make,
And live to make, in all the chosen breasts
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,
That splendour! May the day be near when men
Think much to let my horses draw me home,
And new lands welcome me upon their beach,
Loving me for my fame. That is the truth
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?
Pretend to seek obscurity—to sing
In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come
As necessary breathing of such joy,
And may they come to me!

Armgart.

The auguries

GRAF. Point clearly that way. Is it no offence
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,
As feeblér wings do, in a quiet nest?
Or has the taste of fame already turned
The Woman to a Muse . . .

LEO. (*going to the table*). Who needs no supper
I am her priest, ready to eat her share
Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALP. Armgart, come.
Graf, will you sit?

GRAF. Thanks, I play truant here,
And must retrieve my self-indulged delay.
But will the Muse receive a votary
At any hour to-morrow?

ARMG. Any hour
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

SCENE II.

The same Salon, morning. ARMGART seated, in her bonnet and walking dress. The GRAF standing near her against the piano.

GRAF. Armgart, to many minds the first success
Is reason for desisting. I have known
A man so various, he tried all arts,
But when in each by turns he had achieved
Just so much mastery as made men say,
"He could be king here if he would," he threw
The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,
The level of achieved pre-eminence,
He must be conquering still; but others said—

ARMG. The truth, I hope : he had a meagre soul,
Holding no depth where love could root itself.
"Could if he would?" True greatness ever wills—
It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF. He used to say himself he was too sane
To give his life away for excellence
Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette
Wrought to perfection through long lonely years,
Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.

He said, the very finest doing wins
The admiring only; but to leave undone,
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,
Wins all the envious, makes them sigh your name
As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,
Which could alone impassion them; and thus,
Serene negation has free gift of all,
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,
Or wins to lose again. What say you, Armgar?
Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through;
I think this sarcasm came from out its core
Of bitter irony.

ARMG.

It is the truth

Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?
Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath
Using my name to blight another's deed.
I sing for love of song and that renown
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share,
Of good that I was born with. Had I failed—
Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.
I cannot bear to think what life would be
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted aims,
Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,
A self sunk down to look with level eyes
At low achievement, doomed from day to day
To distaste of its consciousness. But I—

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your decisive throw.

And I too glory in this issue; yet,
The public verdict has no potency
To sway my judgment of what Armgar is:
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.
And had she failed, I should have said, "The pearl
Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light
With the same fitness that first charmed my gaze—
Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMG. (*rising*). O you are good! But why will you rehearse

The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes
Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws

Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.
 Confess, your friend was shallow.

GRAF.

I confess

Life is not rounded in an epigram,
 And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.
 I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought
 That high success has terrors when achieved—
 Like preternatural spouses whose dire love
 Hangs perilous on slight observances:
 Whence it were possible that Armgart crowned
 Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,
 Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.
 You said you dared not think what life had been
 Without the stamp of eminence; have you thought
 How you will bear the poise of eminence
 With dread of sliding? Paint the future out
 As an unchecked and glorious career,
 'Twill grow more strenuous by the very love
 You bear to excellence, the very fate
 Of human powers, which tread at every step
 On possible verges.

ARMG.

I accept the peril.

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread
 Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,
 I am an artist as you are a noble:
 I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

GRAF. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are but snares

To catch the mind with seeming argument—
 Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.
 Men rise the higher as their task is high,
 The task being well achieved. A woman's rank
 Lies in the fulness of her womanhood:
 Therein alone she is royal.

ARMG.

Yes, I know

The oft-taught Gospel: "Woman, thy desire
 Shall be that all superlatives on earth
 Belong to men, save the one highest kind—
 To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire
 To do aught best save pure subservience:
 Nature has willed it so!" O blessed Nature!
 Let her be arbitress; she gave me voice

Such as she only gives a woman child,
 Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,
 That sense transcendent which can taste the joy
 Of swaying multitudes, of being adored
 For such achievement, needed excellence,
 As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.
 Men did not say, when I had sung last night,
 "Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering
 She is a woman"—and then turn to add,
 "Tenor or baritone had sung her songs
 Better, of course: she's but a woman spoiled."
 I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF.

No!

How should I say it, Armgar? I who own
 The magic of your nature-given art
 As sweetest effluence of your womanhood
 Which, being to my choice the best, must find
 The best of utterance. But this I say:
 Your fervid youth beguiles you; you mistake
 A strain of lyric passion for a life
 Which in the spending is a chronicle
 With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgar, trust me:
 Ambition exquisite as yours which soars
 Toward something quintessential you call fame,
 Is not robust enough for this gross world
 Whose fame is dense with false and foolish breath.
 Ardour, atwin with nice refining thought,
 Prepares a double pain. Pain had been saved,
 Nay, purer glory reached, had you been throned
 As woman only, holding all your art
 As attribute to that dear sovereignty—
 Concentrating your power in home delights
 Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMG. What, leave the opera with my part ill-sung
 While I was warbling in a drawing-room?
 Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire
 My husband reading news? Let the world hear
 My music only in his morning speech
 Less stammering than most honourable men's?
 No! tell me that my song is poor, my art
 The piteous feat of weakness aping strength—

That were fit proem to your argument.
 Till then, I am an artist by my birth—
 By the same warrant that I am a woman :
 Nay, in the added rarer gift I see
 Supreme vocation : if a conflict comes,
 Perish—no, not the woman, but the joys
 Which men make narrow by their narrowness.
 O I am happy ! The great masters write
 For women's voices, and great Music wants me !
 I need not crush myself within a mould
 Of theory called Nature : I have room
 To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF. *Armgar, hear me.*

I meant not that our talk should hurry on
 To such collision. Foresight of the ills
 Thick shadowing your path, drew on my speech
 Beyond intention. True, I came to ask
 A great renunciation, but not this
 Towards which my words at first perversely strayed,
 As if in memory of their earlier suit,
 Forgetful
 Armgar, do you remember too ? the suit
 Had but postponement, was not quite disdained—
 Was told to wait and learn—what it has learned—
 A more submissive speech.

ARMG. (*with some agitation*). Then it forgot
 Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,
 'Twas not to speak save to the artist crowned,
 Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF. Nor will it, Armgar. I come not to seek
 Other renunciation than the wife's,
 Which turns away from other possible love
 Future and worthier, to take his love
 Who asks the name of husband. He who sought
 Armgar obscure, and heard her answer, "Wait"—
 May come without suspicion now to seek
 Armgar applauded.

ARMG. (*turning towards him*). Yes, without suspicion
 Of aught save what consists with faithfulness
 In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf—
 I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me—

To you most grateful. Yet the best intent
Grasps but a living present which may grow
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,
And have a high career; but now you said
'Twas higher far than aught a woman seeks
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be
More than a husband, but could not rejoice
That I were more than wife. What follows, then?
You choosing me with such persistency
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must find
Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve
To share renunciation or demand it.
Either we both renounce a mutual ease,
As in a nation's need both man and wife
Do public services, or one of us
Must yield that something else for which each lives
Besides the other. Men are reasoners:
That premiss of superior claims perforce
Urges conclusion—"Armgar, it is you."

GRAF. But if I say I have considered this
With strict prevision, counted all the cost
Which that great good of loving you demands—
Questioned my stores of patience, half-resolved
To live resigned without a bliss whose threat
Touched you as well as me—then finally,
With impetus of undivided will
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;
Only accept the refuge, shelter, guard,
My love will give your freedom"—then your words
Are hard accusal.

ARMG. Well, I accuse myself.
My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again—my will?

ARMG. O your unspoken will.
Your silent tolerance would torture me,
And on that rack I should deny the good
I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man
Whom you would love?

ARMG. Whom I refuse to love!
No, I will live alone and pour my pain

With passion into music, where it turns
To what is best within my better self.
I will not take for husband one who deems
The thing my soul acknowledges as good—
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,
To be a thing dispensed with easily,
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF. Armgar, you are ungenerous ; you strain
My thought beyond its mark. Our difference
Lies not so deep as love—as union
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends
Formal agreement.

ARMG. It lies deep enough
To chafe the union. If many a man
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears
Are little serpents biting at his heel,—
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes
Where coldness scorches ? Graf, it is your sorrow
That you love Armgar. Nay, it is her sorrow
That she may not love you.

GRAF. Woman, it seems,
Has enviable power to love or not
According to her will.

ARMG. She has the will—
I have—who am one woman—not to take
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.
The man who marries me must wed my art—
Honour and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF. The man is yet to come whose theory
Will weigh as nought with you against his love.

ARMG. Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF. Himself a singer, then ? who knows no life
Out of the opera books, where tenor parts
Are found to suit him ?

ARMG. You are bitter, Graf.
Forgive me ; seek the woman you deserve,
All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found
A meaning in her life, or any end
Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF. And happily, for the world.

ARMG.

Yes, happily.

Let it excuse me that my kind is rare :

Commonness is its own security.

GRAF. Armgar, I would with all my soul I knew

The man so rare that he could make your life

As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMG. O I can live unmated, but not live

Without the bliss of singing to the world,

And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?

ARMG. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell !

SCENE III.—A YEAR LATER.

The same Salon. WALFURGA is standing looking towards the window with an air of uneasiness. DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCT. Where is my patient, Fräulein?

WALP.

Fled ! escaped !

Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCT. No, no ; her throat is cured. I only came

To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALP. No ; she had meant to wait for you. She said,

"The Doctor has a right to my first song."

Her gratitude was full of little plans,

But all were swept away like gathered flowers

By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill—

It was a wasp to sting her : she turned pale,

Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,

"I go to Leo—to rehearsal—none

Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!"

Then rushed downstairs.

DOCT. (*looking at his watch*). And this, not long ago?

WALP. Barely an hour.

DOCT.

I will come again

Returning from Charlottenburg at one.

WALP. Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.

Are you quite easy?

DOCT.

She can take no harm.

'Twas time for her to sing : her throat is well.

It was a fierce attack, and dangerous ;

I had to use strong remedies, but—well!
At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

SCENE IV.—TWO HOURS LATER.

WALPURGA starts up, looking towards the door. ARMGAR enters, followed by LEO. She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back towards the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything. WALPURGA casts a questioning terrified look at LEO. He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind ARMGAR, who sits like a helpless image, while WALPURGA takes off her hat and mantle.

WALP. Armgar, dear Armgar (*kneeling and taking her hands*),
only speak to me,

Your poor Walpurga. O your hands are cold.

Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

[ARMGAR looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, WALPURGA rising and standing near.

DOCTOR GRAHN enters.

DOCT. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

ARMG. (*starting up at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently*). Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!

Murdered my voice—poisoned the soul in me,
And kept me living.

You never told me that your cruel cures
Were clogging films—a mouldy, dead'ning blight—

A lava-mud to crust and bury me,
Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb,

Crying unheard for ever! O your cures
Are devils' triumphs: you can rob, maim, slay,

And keep a hell on the other side your cure
Where you can see your victim quivering

Between the teeth of torture—see a soul
Made keen by loss—all anguish with a good

Once known and gone! *Turns and sinks back on her chair.*

O misery, misery!

You might have killed me, might have let me sleep
After my happy day and wake—not here!

In some new unremembered world,—not here,
Where all is faded, flat—a feast broke off—

Banners all meaningless—exulting words,

Dull, dull—a drum that lingers in the air
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCT. (*after a moment's silence*). A sudden check has shaken
you, poor child!

All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo:
'Tis not such utter loss. [LEO, *with a shrug, goes quietly on*
The freshest bloom

Merely, has left the fruit; the fruit itself . . .

ARMG. Is ruined, withered, is a thing to hide
Away from scorn or pity. O you stand
And look compassionate now, but when Death came
With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.
I did not choose to live and have your pity.
You never told me, never gave me choice
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,
Or live what you would make me with your cures—
A self accursed with consciousness of change,
A mind that lives in nought but members lopped,
A power turned to pain—as meaningless
As letters fallen asunder that once made
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,
Like day and sweetest air. What am I now?
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.
Why should I be, do, think? 'Tis thistle seed,
That grows and grows to feed the rubbish heap.
Leave me alone!

DOCT. Well, I will come again;
Send for me when you will, though but to rate me.
That is medicinal—a letting blood.

ARMG. O there is one physician, only one,
Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall send for;
He comes readily.

DOCT. (*to WALPURGA*). One word, dear Fräulein.

SCENE V.

ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMG. Walpurga, have you walked this morning?
WALP.

No.

ARMG. Go, then, and walk; I wish to be alone.

WALP. I will not leave you.

ARMG. Will not, at my wish?

WALP. Will not, because you wish it. Say no more,

But take this draught.

ARMG. The Doctor gave it you?

It is an anodyne. Put it away.

He cured me of my voice, and now he wants

To cure me of my vision and resolve—

Drug me to sleep that I may wake again

Without a purpose, abject as the rest

To bear the yoke of life. He shall not cheat me

Of that fresh strength which anguish gives the soul,

The inspiration of revolt, ere rage

Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALP. (*setting down the glass*). Then you must see a future in
your reach,

With happiness enough to make a dower

For two of modest claims.

ARMG. O you intone

That chant of consolation wherewith ease

Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALP. No; I would not console you, but rebuke.

ARMG. That is more bearable. Forgive me, dear.

Say what you will. But now I want to write.

[*She rises and moves towards a table.*]

WALP. I say then, you are simply fevered, mad;

You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish

If you would change the light, throw into shade

The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall

On good remaining, nay, on good refused

Which may be gain now. Did you not reject

A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,

Than any singer's? It may still be yours.

Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMG. Not me, not me.

He loved one well who was like me in all

Save in a voice which made that All unlike

As diamond is to charcoal. O, a man's love!

Think you he loves a woman's inner self

Aching with loss of loveliness?—as mothers

Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells
Within their misformed offspring?

WALP. But the Graf
Chose you as simple Armgart—had preferred
That you should never seek for any fame
But such as matrons have who rear great sons.
And therefore you rejected him; but now—
ARMG. Ay, now—now he would see me as I am,

[She takes up a hand-mirror.]

Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.
An ordinary girl—a plain brown girl,
Who, if some meaning flash from out her words,
Shocks as a disproportioned thing—a Will
That, like an arm astretch and broken off,
Has nought to hurl—the torso of a soul.
I sang him into love of me: my song
Was consecration, lifted me apart
From the crowd chiselled like me, sister forms,
But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm
Was half that I could win fame yet renounce!
A wife with glory possible absorbed
Into her husband's actual.

WALP. For shame!
Armgart, you slander him. What would you say
If now he came to you and asked again
That you would be his wife?

ARMG. No, and thrice no!
It would be pitying constancy, not love,
That brought him to me now. I will not be
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.
If he were generous—I am generous too.

WALP. Proud, Armgart, but not generous.

Say no more.

ARMG. He will not know until—

WALP. He knows already.

ARMG. *(quickly)*. Is he come back?

WALP. Yes, and will soon be here.
The Doctor had twice seen him and would go
From hence again to see him.

ARMG.

Well, he knows.

It is all one.

WALP.

What if he were outside?

I hear a footstep in the ante-room.

ARMG. (*raising herself and assuming calmness*).

Why let him come, of course. I shall behave

Like what I am, a common personage

Who looks for nothing but civility.

I shall not play the fallen heroine,

Assume a tragic part and throw out cues

For a beseeching lover.

WALP.

Some one raps.

[*Goes to the door.*]

A letter—from the Graf.

ARMG.

Then open it.

[*WALPURGA still offers it.*]

Nay, my head swims. Read it. I cannot see.

[*WALPURGA opens it, reads, and pauses.*]

Read it. Have done! No matter what it is.

WALP. (*reads in a low, hesitating voice*).

"I am deeply moved—my heart is rent, to hear of your illness and its cruel result, just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn. But surely it is possible that this result may not be permanent. For youth such as yours, Time may hold in store something more than resignation: who shall say that it does not hold renewal? I have not dared to ask admission to you in the hours of a recent shock, but I cannot depart on a long mission without tendering my sympathy and my farewell. I start this evening for the Caucasus, and thence I proceed to India, where I am intrusted by the Government with business which may be of long duration."

[*WALPURGA sits down dejectedly.*]

ARMG. (*after a slight shudder, bitterly*).

The Graf has much discretion. I am glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.

What I like least is that consoling hope—

That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"

Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(*Slowly and dreamily*) Time—what a word to fling as charity!

Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating pain—

Days, months, and years!—If I would wait for them!

[She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her mantle round her. WALPURGA leaves the room.]

Why, this is but beginning. (WALP. re-enters.) Kiss me, dear.

I am going now—alone—out—for a walk.

Say you will never wound me any more

With such cajolery as nurses use

To patients amorous of a crippled life.

Flatter the blind: I see.

WALP.

Well, I was wrong.

In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers merely.

Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMG. Bear witness, I am calm. I read my lot

As soberly as if it were a tale

Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called

"The Woman's Lot: a Tale of Everyday:"

A middling woman's, to impress the world

With high superfluosness; her thoughts a crop

Of chick-weed errors or of pot-herb facts,

Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.

"Genteel?" "O yes, gives lessons; not so good

As any man's would be, but cheaper far."

"Pretty?" "No; yet she makes a figure fit

For good society. Poor thing, she sews

Both late and early, turns and alters all

To suit the changing mode. Some widower

Might do well, marrying her; but in these days! . . .

Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains

By writing, just to furnish her with gloves

And droschkies in the rain. They print her things

Often for charity."—O a dog's life!

A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart

Voted a nuisance! I am going now.

WALP. Not now, the door is locked.

ARMG.

Give me the key!

WALP. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key:

She is gone on errands.

ARMG.

What, you dare to keep me

Your prisoner?

WALP.

And have I not been yours?

Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.
 Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint
 With far-off scorn

ARMG. I paint what I must be !

What is my soul to me without the voice
 That gave it freedom?—gave it one grand touch
 And made it nobly human?—Prisoned now,
 Prisoned in all the petty mimeries
 Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world
 As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do nought
 Better than what a million women do—
 Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life
 Beating upon the world without response,
 Beating with passion through an insect's horn
 That moves a millet-seed laboriously.
 If I *would* do it !

WALP. (*coldly*). And why should you not ?

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). Because Heaven made me royal—
 wrought me out

With subtle finish towards pre-eminence,
 Made every channel of my soul converge
 To one high function, and then flung me down,
 That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.
 An inborn passion gives a rebel's right :
 I would rebel and die in twenty worlds
 Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,
 Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,
 Hunger not satisfied but kept alive
 Breathing in languor half a century.
 All the world now is but a rack of threads
 To twist and dwarf me into pettiness
 And basely feigned content, the placid mask
 Of women's misery.

WALP. (*indignantly*). Ay, such a mask

As the few born like you to easy joy,
 Cradled in privilege, take for natural
 On all the lowly faces that must look
 Upward to you ! What revelation now
 Shows you the mask or gives presentiment
 Of sadness hidden ? You who every day
 These five years saw me limp to wait on you,

And thought the order perfect which gave *me*,
 The girl without pretension to be aught,
 A splendid cousin for my happiness :
 To watch the night through when her brain was fired
 With too much gladness—listen, always listen
 To what *she* felt, who having power had right
 To feel exorbitantly, and submerge
 The souls around her with the poured-out flood
 Of what must be ere she were satisfied !
 That was feigned patience, was it ? Why not love,
 Love nurtured even with that strength of self
 Which found no room save in another's life ?
 O such as I know joy by negatives,
 And all their deepest passion is a pang
 Till they accept their pauper's heritage,
 And meekly live from out the general store
 Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept—
 Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth
 Of natures you call royal, who can live
 In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,
 Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMG. (*tremulously*).

Nay, Walpurga,

I did not make a palace of my joy
 To shut the world's truth from me. All my good
 Was that I touched the world and made a part
 In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss ;
 It was the glimpse of consciousness divine
 Which pours out day and sees the day is good.
 Now I am fallen dark ; I sit in gloom,
 Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth ;
 I wearied you, it seems ; took all your help
 As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,
 Not looking at his face.

WALP.

O, I but stand

As a small symbol for a mighty sum—
 The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives
 I think you never set your loss beside
 That mighty deficit. Is your work gone—
 The prouder queenly work that paid itself
 And yet was overpaid with men's applause
 Are you no longer chartered, privileged,

But sunk to simple woman's penury,
 To ruthless Nature's chary average—
 Where is the rebel's right for you alone?
 Noble rebellion lifts a common load;
 But what is he who flings his own load off
 And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's right?
 Say rather, the deserter's. O, you smiled
 From your clear height on all the million lots
 Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMG.

I was blind

With too much happiness: true vision comes
 Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one
 This moment near me, suffering what I feel,
 And needing me for comfort in her pang—
 Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALP. One—near you—why, they throng! you hardly stir
 But your act touches them. We touch afar.
 For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday
 Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,
 Which touched them through the thrice millennial dark?
 But you can find the sufferer you need
 With touch less subtle.

ARMG.

Who has need of me?

WALP. Love finds the need it fills. But you are hard.

ARMG. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are hard?

You humoured all my wishes till to-day,
 When fate has blighted me.

WALP.

You would not hear

The "chant of consolation:" words of hope
 Only embittered you. Then hear the truth—
 A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised
 For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:
 "Were she cross-grained she would not be endured."
 A word of truth from her had startled you;
 But you—you claimed the universe; nought less
 Than all existence working in sure tracks
 Towards your supremacy. The wheels might scathe
 A myriad destinies—nay, must perforce;
 But yours they must keep clear of; just for you
 The seething atoms through the firmament
 Must bear a human heart—which you had not!
 For what is it to you that women, men,

Plod, faint, are weary, and espouse despair
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you spurn
To be among them? Now, then, you are lame—
Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the crowd:
Call it new birth—birth from that monstrous Self
Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at ease."
Dear Armgar—nay, you tremble—I am cruel.

ARMG. O no! hark! Some one knocks. Come in!

Enter LEO.

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could not rest
Longer away from you.

ARMG. Sit down, dear Leo.
Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.

[WALPURGA goes out.]

LEO (*hesitatingly*). You mean to walk?

ARMG. No, I shall stay within.

*[She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down immediately.
After a pause, speaking in a subdued tone to LEO.]*

How old are you?

LEO. Threescore and five.

ARMG. That's old.

I never thought till now how you have lived.
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO. (*raising his eyebrows and throwing out his lip*). No!
Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work
Lay like frozen Rhine till a summer came
That warmed the grass above him. Even so!
His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMG. Do you think yours will live when you are dead?

LEO. Pfu! The time was, I drank that home-brewed wine
And found it heady, while my blood was young:
Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend Leo,
Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;
Why not thy handful?"

ARMG. Strange! since I have known you
Till now I never wondered how you lived.
When I sang well—that was your jubilee.
But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes:
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;

Age has but travelled from a far-off time
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMG. Good Leo! You have lived on little joys.
But your delight in me is crushed for ever.
Your pains, where are they now? They shaped intent
Which action frustrates; shaped an inward sense
Which is but keen despair, the agony
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep to the stage,
To drama without song; for you can act—
Who knows how well, when all the soul is poured
Into that sluice alone?

ARMG. I know, and you:
The second or third best in tragedies
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.
No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my speech,
And with its impulse only, action came:
Song was the battle's onset, when cool purpose
Glowed into rage, becomes a warring god
And moves the limbs with miracle. But now—
O, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts and rules—
Say "This way passion acts," yet never feel
The might of passion. How should I declaim?
As monsters write with feet instead of hands.
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,
And live by trash that smothers excellence.
One gift I had that ranked me with the best—
The secret of my frame—and that is gone.
For all life now I am a broken thing.
But silence there! Leo, advise me now.
I would take humble work and do it well—
Teach music, singing, what I can—not here,
But in some smaller town where I may bring
The method you have taught me, pass your gift
To others who can use it for delight.
You think I can do that?

[She pauses with a sob in her voice.]

LEO.

Yes, yes, dear child!

And it were well, perhaps, to change the place,
Begin afresh as I did when I left
Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMG. (*roused by surprise*). You!

LEO. Well, it is long ago. But I had lost—
No matter! We must bury our dead joys
And live above them with a living world.
But whither, think you, you would like to go?

ARMG. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?

It is too small.

ARMG. Walpurga was born there,
And loves the place. She quitted it for me
These five years past. Now I will take her there.
Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn to love
Another's living child.

ARMG. O, it is hard
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,
And say, "None misses it but me."—She sings—
I mean Paulina sings Fidelio,
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,
'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.

August 1870.

PATTY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PORTRAIT.

PAUL was ushered into a room on the ground-floor of the house in Park Lane.

A gentleman sat near the fire at a small table covered with newspapers and reviews, but the room itself attracted Mr. Whitmore's notice before he so much as glanced towards its occupant.

It was large enough for a library, but there was a lack of books and bookshelves; there were cabinets filled with old china and other quaint rarities, a few good oil pictures on the walls, but the decoration of the room itself was more attractive than its contents: the walls were divided into large square panels, the dull red ground of these relieved at wide intervals by gold stars, the panel mouldings of satin-wood and ebony; the wainscoting was of pure ebony, and the mouldings at top and bottom of satin-wood. The ceiling was covered with arabesques in blue and red, relieved by gold bosses.

It was too full of colour and splendour to be quite in good taste. But Paul had not time to take in the details of this magnificence; he merely guessed that the proprietor of such a mansion must be very wealthy, and that he was probably fond of art.

There was a complacent, well-kept air about Mr. Downes, which gave the notion of acquired wealth; his clothes, his very hair and whiskers, had the look of being newly put on.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitmore"—he bowed, but not as to an equal; "you painted a portrait for my cousin, Mrs. Winchester, which I am much pleased with; Mrs. Winchester recommended you to me, in fact. You are a portrait painter, I conclude?"

"No" (a smile began to curve Paul's mouth), "I am not a portrait painter; I painted Mrs. Winchester to please a friend of mine."

Mr. Downes looked slightly discomposed.

"Ah! but you will have no objection to paint Mrs. Downes, I suppose?"

"I object to paint a mere portrait, but I shall be glad to make a picture of Mrs. Downes so long as I do it my own way."

"Dear me, what a very foolish person—he does not know how to get on in his profession at all." Aloud Mr. Downes said: "Ah, indeed, I leave you to settle that part of the business with Mrs. Downes; I fancy no one can help making a picture of her."

Mr. Downes went to the bell and rang it.

"She's a beauty, I suppose," Paul thought; "or her husband thinks she is."

"When will it suit you to have the first sitting, Mr. Whitmore? Mrs. Downes will prefer being painted at home."

"Yes," said Paul, "that will suit me best." Since his marriage he had avoided receiving sitters at the studio in St. John Street. "This day week about this time—I could not begin sooner."

Mr. Downes sent up a message to his wife, and while he waited for the answer he graciously condescended to show Paul his pictures.

Here he admitted equality; and Paul's manner softened as he grew interested, for some of the pictures were remarkable; but still his first impression of Mr. Downes remained, and when he went away that gentleman repeated to himself—

"Very foolish, conceited person that; I shall not tell Elinor how abrupt he is, or she may change her mind about the portrait. She was unwilling enough at

first to let him do it, but I must have it: I never saw a picture that I liked so much as that likeness of Henrietta. He's clever; but what high-flown nonsense these artists talk! They should be thankful to get a commission instead of laying down the law how it shall be executed. Lucky for Mr. Whitmore that I saw his likeness of Henrietta before I saw him."

Mr. Downes was very much in love with his wife, and he considered the artist a fortunate fellow indeed who was honoured by a commission to paint her loveliness.

He went up to her sitting-room to ask her if she were quite sure that the day he had fixed suited her. But when he opened the outer door there was a sound of angry voices; he drew back and shut it again.

"Poor dear Elinor, I never heard her speak so loud before. I feel sure that Miss Coppock is tiresome; really Elinor's championship of that woman is most surprising; I can't bear the sight of her, she is so ugly. I believe all ugly females should be destroyed when children: we might copy the Greeks in this respect with advantage."

When Mr. Downes reached his writing-room again, he looked round it with complacency.

"Ah! I saw that fellow's eyes taking in the decoration. Yes, I don't fancy many rooms in London will beat this style of thing as a whole. I wish I had shown him the other rooms—and yet I don't know; those sort of people live in such a small circle, and have such restricted notions, that he might think I was proud of my house. Well, considering what a sum it has cost to ornament it in this way, I suppose a mere vulgar, moneyed man would be proud."

Mr. Downes went back to his newspaper with the comfortable reflection that, at any rate, his hands had never been soiled by making money.

His wife's words, if he had heard them, would have troubled him more than their loudness of tone did.

"I thought it was quite understood,

Patience, that you are to forget all I do not wish remembered. Mr. Whitmore will paint my portrait quite as well as any other artist, I suppose; and if my husband chooses him, I really cannot refuse to employ him."

Mrs. Downes, as she spoke, stood looking at herself in a tall narrow mirror between the windows of her room. It was difficult to feel angry before such a lovely picture; her long trailing black velvet robe gave her height, and suited perfectly with the calm dignity with which she reproved Miss Coppock; the only betrayal of anger had been in the raised tone of voice.

Miss Coppock was seated by the fireside, warming her feet; she had regained her old paleness, but all evenness of skin had left her face, and her eyes had lost their fire; her dress was ill chosen—a ruby silk with elaborate trimmings and frillings; its want of repose added to her gaunt, haggard appearance.

At Mrs. Downes's last words a slight flush came into Patience's face.

"Oh, Patty, how can you! Why aren't you honest? You know you want Mr. Whitmore to see your grandeur."

"Miss Coppock,"—Mrs. Downes turned her head, so as to get a distinct view of her face in a new position,—“I wish you would try to remember my name; pet names are well enough for children, but I have left off being a child.”

"You never were a child!"—this was muttered between Patience's set teeth; she made a struggling effort to compose herself before she answered.

"I don't often advise you now; I'm willing to admit you are capable of guiding yourself;" a sudden parting of Patty's lovely lips gave a hint that she too had been mastering some impatience; "but at your age, you can't know men as well as I do, and I'm sure it's neither fair to your husband nor to Miss Beaufort—I mean Mr. Whitmore's wife—for you to give him these sittings."

"You said something of this kind once before, Miss Coppock, and I told

you then that you mistook your office. One would think"—Patty broke out into a laugh, which brought back all the old winning look into her face—"you'd been born in Spain, where, I believe, women always have a female gaoler; but as I'm not likely to forget my position or what I owe to it, you needn't play duenna, or whatever it is, here. Now don't be cross; if you didn't run away so pertinaciously as you do from Mr. Downes, I should say you were in love with him; you are always taking his part."

It was happy for Patience that Patty's mind was bent on deciding which was the best side of her own face; and she did not look round at her companion. The blood rushed up to Miss Coppock's forehead, the dull eyes lightened for a moment with an expression that was very like hatred for the bright, beautiful creature sunning herself in the glow of her own reflected loveliness, actually feasting on the picture made by her flower-like skin and blue eyes and fair gleaming hair. A casual looker-on might have thought Mrs. Downes had a dangerous companion, and that in all probability this ugly, ill-tempered woman would work her a mischief: but if the looker-on had waited, this idea would have fled. Every movement of Mrs. Downes was soft and easy, in keeping with the exquisite repose of her beauty, but there was nothing undecided about her. She walked across the room to the sofa with a firm step, and seated herself in an attitude full of grace and yet full of self-possession. But with Patience, the spasm of jealous fury faded into a sad, downcast look, and a quivering of the pale lips that told of indecision, even in her dislike. She muttered something about orders to give, and went out of the room.

Patty's face clouded over at once. "One always has to pay a price for rising in life, I suppose, and so I have to swallow that woman's insolence. How dare she venture to say such a thing? If I hadn't been quite sure before, I'm determined to see Paul now." She sat thinking; the cloud faded, and a

thoughtful look came into her deep blue eyes—a look Patty never wore for the observation of others, and yet one which since her marriage had been her habitual expression when alone; it was so different to her playful, child-like sweetness that it would have puzzled Mr. Downes; it seemed to make her a full-grown woman at once.

"What did I marry for?" she said at last; "certainly not for the mere sake of Maurice,"—a fretful droop here of the full scarlet under-lip. "I mean to fulfil all that my position requires, of course; in De Mirancourt's last letter she says, 'Be sure to keep well with your husband, it makes a woman so looked up to;' but I might as well have done without education or refinement, if I am to keep to the commonplace 'all for love' idea: nobody does, I'm sure; it's a mere sham only found in books: if I'd believed in it, of course I'd have waited, and then what would have happened? First, as an unmarried woman not knowing anybody, I shouldn't have got into society at all, or at least only on the footing of an adventuress, and then directly my money got known about, I should have been a prey to all kinds of imposition. No, a husband is a shield and an introduction, and those were just the two things I wanted, and Maurice is very indulgent, and has a good deal of *savoir faire*. Of course I must have admirers,—I could not escape them if I tried," she smiled; "and why not Paul among the others? I owe him something for having forgotten me so soon—that is, if he did forget me. I can't believe he really fell in love with that pale-faced, half-asleep girl; it was pique, I know it was; by this time he is less romantic and unlike other people, and he'll be able quite to understand that he can admire me, though he is married, without any harm done. I suppose he reads French novels as other men do. Poor Patience, I ought to make some excuse for her; it's her vulgar bringing-up that gives her these notions—as if any possible harm could come to me from the admiration of any man, married or single. De Mirancourt

always said—and she knew everything—that it is horribly underbred to fancy impropriety where none exists. I can't live without admirers, unless I shut myself up for the whole of the season. What does a woman dress for? why does she show herself in public, unless she means to be looked at? But I'm as silly as poor Patience herself, to trouble my head with her vulgar notions."

Patty's thoughts went off to plan, first, the dress in which she should receive Paul, and then how she should dispose of Miss Coppock, so that she might not be present during the first interview with him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FIRST SITTING.

THERE are, and always will be, plenty of people who do not believe in presentiments of either coming joy or evil; but Nuna was not one of these sceptics; and after she had kissed Paul and watched him from the window till he was out of sight, she felt oppressed to sadness with a vague sense of trouble. Paul was never very communicative, and he had taken an instinctive dislike to Mr. Downes, and, man-like, he kept his dislikes to himself: he purposely avoided any mention of his visit to Park Lane. So when he left Nuna on the morning he had fixed for the first sitting, he only said, "I have one or two places to go to to-day—don't wait dinner, darling."

There was nothing in this to depress her; she was accustomed to see him go away for hours. Mr. Pritchard had not come back from Spain, but Paul had plenty of artist friends, and he often painted away from home. There had been a group of horses in his last picture, and these he had been obliged to study from at their stables; but that had been for his Academy picture, and Nuna knew it had been sent in.

She tried to occupy herself in painting: she had made great progress lately, but she could not concentrate her mind on her work this morning. She was

following Paul in spirit, and the load at her heart grew heavier every hour.

When Paul reached Mr. Downes's, he was struck with the evident care that had been taken in receiving him. The room into which he was shown was in the same style as the writing-room, but the colouring was more subdued; it was chiefly white and gold, with an occasional admixture of scarlet. The curtains were in scarlet velvet, and Paul noted approvingly that the shutters of one window had been closed so as to avoid any crossing of light. He also saw that the canvas he had ordered to be sent was carefully placed on an easel, and that a chair had been raised so as to imitate the arrangement in his own studio.

"Ah, Mrs. Downes knows something, she has been painted before; well, so much the better: she will know how to sit."

A closed photograph case lay on one of the small tables, and Paul stretched out his hand for it lazily, as he sat leaning back in one of the easy chairs. Patty had placed it there herself. She wanted Paul to be prepared to see her; but she had counted on quicker movements on his part. Before he had got the case open she came into the room.

Paul rose, and then stood still; he did not bow or speak, but his blood rushed up in tumult to his face; he was stunned by this unexpected meeting.

His eyes were fixed on Patty; she, too, stood motionless: she had not been able quite to plan her part, but she took it at once from him. Her eyes drooped; her whole attitude became dejected, and at last she looked up with a timid, imploring sweetness.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Whitmore; won't you shake hands?"

The words came so tenderly, so softly, that Paul's anger seemed to be slipping away. He tried hard to keep it; he saw that she was more beautiful than ever, and he frowned.

"I ought to have been told," he said.

"I was afraid." Patty spoke sorrowfully—except for the changed accent,

she might have been Patty Westropp. There was the drooping head, the child-like voice, and the little hands were pressed plaintively together. "I thought if you knew it was me, you wouldn't have come." She looked with such a helpless pleading in her sweet blue eyes, that Paul felt their old power coming over him. He still fought against it, and answered almost audibly, "No, I don't think I should."

"And then," she went on in the same soft imploring tone, "I could not be sure you would recognize me. I thought you might have forgotten all about me; I am so altered, am I not—so aged?"

She looked up at this and spoke impressively, as if to remind him of her changed position. Paul bowed, with a sort of scorn in his deference.

"Yes, you are altered; but you could scarcely think I could forget you."

He went up to the easel, and looked at the canvas.

"Is my dress the sort of thing you like?" said Mrs. Downes.

But Paul did not even look round at her: he stood thinking.

"Your dress is of little consequence to-day, so far as its colour is concerned," he said at last, "but I don't think I will paint you."

The colour sprang to Patty's face. "Oh, please do," she spoke imploringly, without any of her newly gained repose of manner; "it is my husband's wish that you should paint me; what will he think?"

She looked so humble, so sweet, so utterly unlike the false Patty he had so long pictured, that Paul's impulses made him yield while he thought he was yielding to Mrs. Downes's arguments.

It was an entirely false position, but he must make the best of it; after all, it was perhaps better to show Patty how indifferent he felt.

"Very well."

He stooped over the table on which he had placed his materials, and selected a piece of charcoal; he thought he was really quite indifferent.

"Ah but, Mr. Whitmore,"—Patty

had gone back to her old playful manner,—"why need you be so dreadfully industrious? Don't be in such a hurry to begin; we haven't had a bit of talk; I haven't even asked after Mrs. Whitmore."

Mrs. Downes felt horribly piqued. She fancied her beauty would assert its old magic over Paul, and instead of any devotion, he was treating her like a culprit. He did not seem at all impressed by the state of life in which he found her.

"I must make him feel it," she said to herself; "I won't submit to insolence, even from him."

"How is Mrs. Whitmore?" she said, politely.

Paul was conscious of a change in her manner; he was vexed to have betrayed his own vexation: he smiled, and tried to speak in a more natural voice.

"Thank you, she is quite well; but you must excuse me if I ask you to sit. I have no time to lose—you forget that I am only a rising artist, and have still to work hard for my living." He emphasized the word "I," and then felt himself silly.

Patty was relieved; Paul did still care for her; he must, or he would be more at ease, more indifferent. She answered, as simply as if she had not felt the sting under his words—

"Are you really? I'm so sorry: I never thought of you as being obliged to work hard; I looked upon you as a gentleman who followed art more as an amusement than anything else; but indeed I'll be careful not to waste your time now."

Almost without any help from Paul she placed herself so that it seemed impossible to improve on her attitude. It did not occur to the artist that this happy easy grace was the result of study, and that Mrs. Downes had spent hours in deciding how she would be painted—he only saw a fresh beauty in it: he despised Patty from the bottom of his heart, but he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The past year and a half had matured and perfected her loveliness: she had gained so much, too, in expression; she had, as a Frenchwoman would say, so much

more physiognomy, and yet she had not surrendered one physical charm. Even in the arrangement of her rich chestnut hair, the natural irregular wave which had given so much wild grace to it in former times was preserved. Patty rather bent fashion to serve her beauty than yielded herself up to its trammels. Her dress this morning suited her exactly: it was a striped blue and white silk; she had felt sure it would not paint well, but she preferred to give Mr. Whitmore the opportunity of advising and directing her taste. Miss Coppock was possibly right when she said she had had a larger experience in dealing with men than Mrs. Downes had; but experience can never match the instinctive quickness and artistic power of such a nature as Patty's. She read Paul's mood truly, and she saw that for the present at least he must be left to himself.

So the sitting progressed silently enough: "A little more to the right—thank you," from the artist, and sometimes, "Do I keep still enough—are you sure I do?" from the sitter, and then his thanks.

Every now and then Mrs. Downes stole a glance at Paul. How rapt he was in his work: he frowned slightly, but more as if he were concentrating straying thoughts than as if he were angry.

"Is he happy, I wonder? Why did he marry—how could he marry without money?" Patty gave a little shudder as she summoned up the picture of a poor artist's home. Poverty among folk of the class from which she herself sprang did not seem a hardship to Mrs. Downes. She told herself that the shrinking she had felt from poor, mean ways was a sure proof she had always been intended for a higher position. "I know I was a lady born," was an axiom she loved to repeat. Poor people, as poor people, ought to be content with their lot, she thought, but poverty to a man like Paul Whitmore must be dreadful—so lowering and debasing; for, to Patty, the possession of wealth was in itself a sort of brevet rank, and

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those who had not got it were only pretenders when they aspired to equality with rich people. There was quite a criminal presumption in such refinement and uppishness as she remembered at Ashton Rectory, considering that Mr. Beaufort could not even afford a carriage or a saddle-horse for his daughter.

Her feelings against Nuna took their old bitterness as she looked at Paul. In the excitement of her own hurried marriage—hurried because she feared her father might gain knowledge of her proceedings—in her triumphant exaltation at the state and splendour to which she saw her husband was habituated, and also in her satisfaction at the easy sway she held over him, Mrs. Downes had forgiven the Rector's daughter for marrying Paul Whitmore. There was a tender corner in her heart where she pleased herself with thinking he still dwelt, but she had not counted on seeing him again, and when she thought of him it was with a sort of regretful pity for the mistake he had made in marrying Nuna Beaufort.

But the sight of her old lover had stirred Patty strangely, stirred the atmosphere of worldliness that was around her: glancing at him as she sat there alone in his presence, feeling that presence nearer from the almost oppressive silence, a throb rose in Patty's bosom—a throb of wild, sudden anguish. She stifled the sigh in which it showed itself, and in a moment she looked as calm and sweet as the face rapidly taking shape on the canvas.

But this stifling brought pain with it, and Patty had no notion of bearing her own quota of pain: if she suffered, some one else must bear the penalty, and at that moment she hated Nuna with an intensity that De Mirancourt would have stigmatized as low-bred. It seemed to Patty, in the sudden passion of her soul, that Nuna had taken Paul and his love from her. "I had him first! What right had she to come between us?"

She gave another quick, sidelong glance, her eyes glowing with the mingled passions she could not keep out of

them. Till now she had seen Paul's face in profile, his eyes bent on his work; but this time their gaze met fully.

Paul looked away as suddenly and sharply as if he had seen something loathsome.

There was a tap at the door. "May I come in?"—but Mr. Downes did not attempt to enter until his wife's soft voice answered.

Then he came in, and wished Mr. Whitmore good morning in an unctuous, benevolent voice—a voice that seemed to say, "My good fellow, I'm so sorry that you have to earn your own bread, that I must show you my compassion somehow."

He placed himself directly between the artist and Patty, and peered at the canvas through his eyeglass.

"Capital! really, do you know, you've quite caught that pose of the head which is peculiar to my wife. Upon my word I think, if you go on as you have begun, that you'll make something of this picture, Mr. Whitmore."

"I hope so."

Patty saw the curl on Paul's lip, and she writhed in silence. How insignificant her husband was in her eyes! For the first time since her rise in life Mrs. Downes realized that there are things unpurchaseable by money.

"I should have preferred the full face being represented." Mr. Downes was still scrutinizing the sketch through his eyeglass, his under-lip pursed up, and his head on one side. "I suppose it's easy enough to alter, Mr. Whitmore; what do you think, Elinor, eh?"

Paul glanced up suddenly at the unusual name: a dim glimmering came to him that Mr. Downes was ignorant of his wife's early history.

"Mr. Whitmore must know best," Patty said, much more to Paul than to her husband.

"Well, I don't know. We should always try to have the best even of a good thing. I'm sure Mr. Whitmore will agree with me in thinking that I must know the best view of your face, and every turn and variety of your expression, better than he can, on such

very recent acquaintance. I don't mean to say it makes as much difference in your case as it would in that of others." Mr. Downes's smile made the words a compliment.

Patty was thankful that she might cast down her eyes and blush at praise before a stranger. She could not help blushing; she felt very disconcerted: her husband's words had told to Paul all that she least wanted him to know—that she had been false and deceitful, and had concealed her early history; and that moreover, if Paul chose to speak, he might ruin her for ever with her purse-proud, punctilious husband.

She was too much confused to listen to Mr. Downes's next words, but she saw that Paul was gathering his materials together. She longed to escape, but she dared not just then leave Mr. Whitmore alone with her husband. It was an unspeakable relief when Paul went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

PAUL had hardly thought at all while he remained in Patty's morning-room.

At any time the very violence of his impulses made concentrated thought a slow process; feeling had to be given time to subside before judgment could begin to act. When he saw Patty he felt the need of immediate self-control, and he sought it by throwing himself into his work with a strength that might have been impossible to an inferior man. But Paul was a true Artist. He had chosen to follow Art, not only because he loved it and as a means of livelihood, but because it was embodied in him, it was his mode of speech for the gift he found within him; he worshipped Art as an abstract reality, and now in this moment of need his devotion stood him in good stead; he found himself armed against Patty and her attempts at reconciliation.

But outside the house, fairly on the way to his own home, the charm was over.

A feeling of strong indignation against Patty, against her husband, and against himself for having submitted to such a false position, flamed up.

"I am a fool, a weak irresolute fool! Just because I had the canvas there and everything ready, to let myself be led on to do that which I believe to be absolutely wrong. I'll throw the thing up; by what that simpleton said he knows nothing of his wife's beginnings, and of course she expects me to connive at her deceit." He gave a shudder here. "What a false creature she has been all through;" and then his thoughts went over the past. A deep sigh came, a sigh of relief, of thankfulness; he had been contrasting Nuna and Mrs. Downes; and Patty's conduct grew blacker in his eyes.

"Well, she has got her punishment in a man like that; one would not wish her worse off: it's easy to see that he is a slave to conventionalities and forms of all sorts. Her life must be a perpetual subterfuge: if he ever does find her out, I don't envy her. I should not like to be the woman dependent on Mr. Downes's clemency. Poor little Patty: what a fate!" Under this new light Paul Whitmore's heart softened; he had been very hard on her after all; it was not fair to judge her by Nuna's standard. Patty's trial had been so exceptional that it could hardly be judged by ordinary rules; it was plain she did not love her husband, but under her peculiar circumstances an early marriage must have been a necessity.

"She could not possibly have stayed with that miserly old father. Poor girl! with another man she might have had a chance."

Paul did not tell himself that Patty still loved him; he would not allow himself to dwell for an instant on the look which he had surprised in her eyes; but a strong feeling rose in his heart and quieted away his anger, a feeling of pity for the beautiful wife of "that old fool," as he termed Mr. Downes, and a resolution that he would not paint her portrait.

"And I will say nothing to Nuna about the matter; she behaved nobly when I told her of my folly with Patty, but women are all alike on one point, they are never quite easy about a man's previous love unless she is older and uglier: and it is not from jealousy either—rather in such a nature as Nuna's it would be from her humble notion of herself; she would feel completely inferior to Patty now. No, I shall say nothing about it. I shall write and get out of the whole affair, and there's an end of it. We are not likely to meet these Downeses; Nuna dislikes grand parties as much as I do, and the Downeses only visit swells, of course."

A load rolled off Paul's heart at this resolution, and yet it was the first time since their marriage that he had resolved to keep anything from Nuna,—her frankness had so far won him from his habitual reserve.

In his impulse to prove Nuna's superiority to Patty—it may be as a shield against the remembrance of that passionate glance, a shield which, if his love for his wife had been full and perfect, he never would have needed—Paul quite forgot that he had told Nuna not to expect him till evening.

He went on fast to St. John Street, impatient to be with his wife, and to show her that he truly valued her love and her truth; it seemed to him they had never shone out so brightly as they did in contrast with Patty's deceit. "Sweet, truthful little darling!" he said to himself.

He went softly upstairs that he might enjoy her eager look of delight at his unexpected appearance.

A sound of scrubbing made him pause. He opened the door.

He looked down on a face upturned to him—a face with a strong resemblance to a King Charles' spaniel; large dark eyes, a pug nose, and a bunch of black curls on each side of the face: here the canine likeness ended, except that, as the body belonging to the face was on all-fours, the attitude might be called in keeping. A black gown was tucked tightly round this anomalous

being, most of it hidden by a canvas apron tied behind: beside her stood a steaming pail, and she held up a scrubbing brush at Paul as if she thought he looked in want of it.

"What's the meaning of all this?" Paul spoke dreamily: he was not quite sure he was in his own studio. The room was bare—cleared for action, except that in one corner was a barricade, a heterogeneous piled-up heap, of precious articles.

At this sight Paul gasped.

"By whose orders are you doing this?" He spoke angrily: he thought the owner of the house had been interfering and making suggestions to Nuna and her maids.

The black eyes sparkled and the curls wagged, while their owner got up nimbly and began to wipe her hands and arms on her apron.

"Missis's, sir, if you please." The woman drew in her pinched lips in such a spasmodic attempt at a smile that Paul thought she was laughing at him while she curtsied.

"Who do you mean by Missis?" He spoke very imperiously.

"Lord bless us, sir, why *your* Missis, to be sure, and a sweet young lady she his: she said as you wouldn't be coming anear the place till tea-time, and I was to clean up as much as I could so long as I got done by six." The charwoman felt herself the aggrieved person.

"And did you move all those things yourself?" Paul said ruefully: he had just caught sight of a pile of heavy books on the face of a half-completed picture.

"Missis did some, sir, and I helped. You see, sir," she added confidentially, looking up in Paul's face as if she had earned his everlasting gratitude, "the place was in that awful muck and litter as it warn't fit for pigs, let alone Christians. As to them there plaster casts, it took me a good hour or more to get the rough dirt off, though I did use the brush. That's all I've broke, sir," she pointed to the chimney-piece—"I don't fancy it's of much account: it's only a nose, sir, hoff o' that little

brown image; I put it safe on the mantel."

Paul could not speak: he walked up to the "little brown image," an exquisite statuette in terra-cotta he had brought from Italy. The nose was gone, the face scratched, and every fold of drapery, every wave of hair, encrusted with soap, which clung to the surface tenaciously, and entirely filled up all the delicate modelling.

"I'm sorry you've come in so soon, sir;"—Black-eyes looked sharply at her scrubbing-brush: she wanted to get on with her work;—"you see, you'd have knowed nothin' about it if you'd stayed hout, and what the heye don't see, sir, as you know, the 'art never feels, though that's not allus true, 'cos one don't see when one's master goes to the public, but one feels it all a same."

"And a loving husband who comes home to his wife gets this kind of reception," said Paul to himself; "why, it's death and destruction to everything in the shape of art. What awful recklessness! How could Nuna do it!"

He felt almost beside himself with anger. He had come home, longing for the domestic joy which he believed was unknown in the splendid mansion of Mr. Downes—for a quiet afternoon's work, with Nuna beside him reading to him or sympathising in the progress of his picture; and instead, he had found his studio in disorder and steaming with soapsuds; so wet that it would be scarcely habitable by evening, and he could hardly calculate how much mischief done besides.

"Such petty, womanish fussiness." He fumed up and down the room; he had too much reticence to let the charwoman hear his angry words. "What can it matter about the corners of a room? I'm sure the table and all the centre was clean: it's so beggarly and wretched to have this kind of thing going on. I never saw it in my mother's house; I don't believe the rooms were ever cleaned in such a way, and yet she was particular enough."

His thoughts went back to the

exquisite room he had just left—a room where nothing looked formal or precise, and yet where all was spotless and well-placed.

"It will take me a month to sort everything I want out of that Douglas larder," he went up to the window and looked out.

Black-eyes felt relieved when he turned his back; it was the next best thing to going away.

"Oh my!" She went down on her knees, and began to scrub again vigorously. "Ain't he got a temper, and no mistake! My! and they ain't been married but a few months or so. There's no pleasin' men, that's the long and short on it; they can't abide sluts, none of 'em can't, and it seems to me this here one ain't fond o' cleanliness neither. I'm sure if some a' them partfolers in the corners hadn't been brushed and rubbed, they'd have walked by themselves, they was that standin' in dust. Poor young lady! she's got a horkard temper to deal with: now I suppose he'll take hisself off in a huff to the public—gentlefolks calls 'em clubs, I believe, but I take it it's the same meanin' in the hend, to the wives as is left at home by themselves."

Paul stood thinking a few minutes, and then he rang the bell.

Even the usually trim, prim parlour-maid seemed to be participating in the general disarray. She looked soiled and untidy.

She stood at the door, but Paul frowned, and beckoned her across the wet floor.

"Where's your mistress?"

"Mistress said, sir, I was to tell you, if you came in, sir, that she got a note this morning, asking her to take luncheon with a lady from Ashton, at the Langham Hotel, sir. Mistress said she felt sure you wouldn't come in till late, but I was to say so if you did."

"Did you hear the lady's name?" said Paul.

"Mrs. Bright, I think, sir." The girl had never heard Mr. Whitmore speak so harshly. She looked at the door.

"Can't you make that woman leave off this miserable slopping?" he said, "and can't you and Anne set to work to make the room straight at once? I won't have that woman touch even a portfolio."

"Yes, sir," said the girl demurely, but inwardly she laughed.

It was so likely she and Anne would put the carpet on the wet floor, and work themselves like horses in moving those great lumbering things, when Missis was going to pay the woman on purpose that they mightn't have to do rough work; the parlour maid said this to herself, with the usual contempt inherent in the servant mind for the domestic interference of masters, while she held the door open for Mr. Whitmore to pass out, with more than ever of "prunes and prism" in the set of her demure mouth.

Paul fulfilled the charwoman's prediction, by dining at his club, and then he went off to the rooms of two young artists at the other end of London, where he got laughed at for his quiet, domestic ways, till he began to think himself a pattern husband.

He was not in a hurry to go home; the remembrance of the studio came to him with a shudder, and he shrank too from seeing Nuna.

"I wish that old chattering Mrs. Bright had stayed at home; she is sure to say or do something foolish."

Paul was vexed that Nuna should have gone off in this sudden way without consulting him. It did not occur to him that his unpunctual habits had made his wife secure of his absence, and delighted to shorten one of her long, solitary days, by a chat with her old friend.

CHAPTER XL

IN WHICH PAUL "TREATS" RESOLUTION.

It was growing dark when Paul once more set out on his way home.

When he came into the hall, the gas was not lighted; it seemed to him he heard Nuna's voice on the staircase, and

a sudden gladness came back to him : he ran upstairs ; a tall man coming down nearly knocked him over.

It was Will Bright. The two men begged pardon, and then recognized each other in the dim light.

"I've brought Nuna home," said Will ; "she stopped talking with my mother in hopes you would come and fetch her ; we should have been so glad to see you."

"Thank you : " Paul spoke stiffly : then he added, "Won't you come up and have some supper?"

"No, thank you," and the two men shook hands and parted.

"Poor darling," Will sighed to himself, "is this the way that fellow neglects her? I'd like to give him a good thrashing."

"Great stupid lout," said Paul as he went upstairs, all the glad light gone from his eyes. "How could Nuna bring the fellow here? She knows I can't bear him."

Nuna ran to him as soon as he opened the door.

She was radiant : she had had a delightful day ; the Brights had been so kind ; they had taken her to see exhibitions and for a drive in the park ; she had so enjoyed herself. Paul listened ; he was pleased she had been happy, but his discomfiture had not passed away ; and in the midst of her animated flow of talk Nuna checked herself.

"Doesn't Paul like me to enjoy myself without him? Yes, it was selfish of me ; " and a double flow of tenderness came to her voice.

"What have you been doing all day, darling? I was half in hopes you would get home before I did, and come to fetch me. You would have come if you had known in time, wouldn't you?"

"No ; I did come home, Nuna. I came home to dinner. To tell you the truth, I was so savage at the mess I found the room in, and at the damage and mischief done, that I was in no hurry to come home again."

He spoke gravely and as he thought

very leniently, considering all he had suffered, and the terrible mistake his wife had made in setting such an outrageous proceeding on foot without duly consulting him ; and if Nuna had been sitting indoors moping after her usual fashion, she would have taken his reproof to heart, and expressed due contrition ; but the open-air drive, the sight of her friends and their kindness, had brought back her old girlish spirits.

She laughed heartily in Paul's face, and then nestled close up to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling ; but, you dear old fidget, why didn't you stay away, and then you never would have known anything? I meant to tell you, of course:" she blushed at Paul's look of annoyance. "And I am very, very sorry I was not in when you came, but stay at home to-morrow instead, darling, won't you? and we'll be so happy. It feels all so clean and comfortable ; now do sit down and listen ; I have so much to tell you still."

Paul sat and listened, while Nuna rattled on full of the sparkle of happy feelings ; but he was silent ; he was profoundly vexed, and yet too proud to show his vexation.

"There is nothing like association," he said to himself. "A few hours with these commonplace people, and Nuna is quite changed ; I could not have believed she would laugh at me when she must have seen I was vexed. I won't damp her spirits now, but I'll take care that this sort of upset is not repeated ; if it is, I paint away from home."

"Poor old Will," said Nuna. "I wish you would call on him, darling, and be a little kind to him."

"I don't mind calling," Paul smiled, "but I don't think I can be very pleasant society for him, and to tell you the truth I think he's a lout."

Nuna blushed : she thought Paul the least bit ungenerous. "Poor Will, you are hard on him ; he asked very kindly after you ; " and then she left off talking about the Brights.

She was so thoroughly gay and happy that the evening passed over without

any further cloud. Paul wisely kept his eyes off his treasures : but as soon as he was left alone he took a lamp and gave a rapid glance at the new arrangements.

So far as he could see, everything was much as usual, but when he remembered the clay statuette he felt as angry as ever.

"It was unjustifiable. So much mischief might have been done. I wish those confounded Brights had stayed at home. That's the worst of country acquaintance : they come upon you when you wish for them least. Nuna will want to spend every day with that silly old chatterbox."

Next morning was full of sunshine, and Paul even was forced to admit that the studio was all the pleasanter from the absence of dust : he was mollified, too, by finding his wife had carefully stowed away his chief rarities in her own little room—a tiny retreat hardly bigger than a large closet, a striking contrast to Patty's luxurious sitting-room.

It seemed to Paul this morning that

he had been unreal and exaggerated in his ideas of Mrs. Downes and himself. There could be no greater harm in his going to Park Lane to paint her portrait, than in the pleasure Nuna showed in talking of Will Bright.

"From what Mr. Beaufort said to me, that fellow will go on loving Nuna in his calf-like way to his dying day, and yet she evidently considers herself free to talk to him and walk with him. The truth is I am too strait-laced in my notions : I did not know I was such a prig. Why should I lose the money I mean to make that fellow Downes pay for his wife's portrait, just for a squeamish scruple ? I'm sure she can't care a rap for me, and I can answer for myself. When the picture's done I shall go my way, and Patty will go hers, and I can't see that we shall be the worse for having met again."

He tore up the note he had written at the club to Mr. Downes, and resolved that he would keep the appointment he had made with Patty.

To be continued.

HOW LITERATURE MAY ILLUSTRATE HISTORY.

BY DAVID MASSON.

SOME of the ways in which Literature may illustrate History are obvious enough. In the poems, the songs, the dramas, the novels, the satires, the speeches, even the speculative treatises, of any time or nation, there is imbedded a wealth of direct particulars respecting persons and events, additional to the information that has been transmitted in the formal records of that time or nation, or in its express histories of itself. "It has often come to my ears that it is a saying too frequently in your mouth that you have lived long enough for yourself:" so did Cicero, if the speech in which the passage occurs is really his, address Caesar face to face, in the height of his power, and not long before his assassination, remonstrating with him on his melancholy, and his carelessness of a life so precious to Rome and to the world. If the words are any way authentic, what a flash they are into the mind of the great Roman in his last years, when, *blasé* with wars and victories, and all the sensations that the largest life on earth could afford, he walked about the streets of Rome, consenting to live on so long as there might be need, but, so far as he himself was concerned, heedless when the end might come, the conspirators in a ring round him, the short scuffle, the first sharp stab of the murderous knife!

Let this pass as one instance of a valuable illustration of Biography and History derived from casual reading. Literature teems with such; no one can tell what particles of direct historical and biographical information lie yet undiscovered and unappropriated in miscellaneous books. But there is an extension of the use for the historian

of the general literature of the time with which he may be concerned. Not only does Literature teem with yet unappropriated anecdotes respecting the persons and events of most prominent interest in the consecutive history of the world; but, quite apart from this, the books, and especially the popular books, of any time, are the richest possible storehouses of the kind of information the historian wants. Whatever may be the main thread of his narrative, he has to re-imagine more or less vividly what is called the general life of the time, its manners, customs, humours, ways of thinking, the working of its institutions, all the peculiarities of that patch of the never-ending, ever-changing rush and bustle of human affairs, to-day above the ground, and to-morrow under. Well, here in the books of the time he has his materials and aids. They were formed in the conditions of the time; the time played itself into them; they are saturated with its spirit; and costumes, customs, modes of eating and drinking, town-life, country life, the traveller on horseback to his inn, the shoutings of mobs in riot, what grieved them, what they hated, what they laughed at, all are there. No matter of what kind the book is, or what was its author's aim; it is, in spite of itself, a bequest out of the very body and being of that time, reminding us thereof by its structure through and through, and by a crust of innumerable allusions. It has been remarked by Hallam, and by others, how particularly useful in this way, for the historian, as furnishing him with social details of past times, are popular books more especially of the humorous order—comic dramas and farces, poems of occasion, and novels and works of prose-fiction generally.

How the plays of Aristophanes admit us to the public life of Athens! How, as we read the Satires and Epistles of Horace, we see old Rome, like another huge London, only with taller houses, and the masons mending the houses, and the poet himself, like a modern official in Somerset House, trudging along to his office, jostled by the crowds, and having to get out of the way of the ladders and the falling rubbish, thinking all the while of his appointment with Mæcenas! Or, if it is the reign of George II. in Britain that we are studying, where shall we find better illustration of much of the life, and especially the London life, of that coarse, wig-wearing age, than in the novels of Fielding and Smollett?

These, and perhaps other ways in which Literature may illustrate History, are tolerably obvious, and need no farther exposition. There is, however, a higher and somewhat more subtle service which Literature may perform towards illustrating History and modifying our ideas of the Past.

What the historian chiefly and finally wants to get at, through all his researches, and by all his methods of research, is the *mind* of the time that interests him, its mode of thinking and feeling. Through all the trappings, all the colours, all the costumes, all those circumstances of the picturesque which delight us in our recollections of the past, this is what we seek, or ought to seek. The trappings and picturesque circumstances are but our optical helps in our quest of this; they are the thickets of metaphor through which we push the quest, interpreting as we go. The metaphors resolve themselves; and at last it is as if we had reached that vital and essential something—a clear transparency, we seem to fancy it, and yet a kind of throbbing transparency, a transparency with pulses and powers—which we call the mind or spirit of the time. As in the case of the individual, so in that of a time or a people, we seem to have got at the end of our language when we

use this word, mind or spirit. We know what we mean, and it is the last thing that we can mean; but, just on that account, it eludes description or definition. At best we can go to and fro among a few convenient synonyms and images. Soul, mind, spirit, these old and simple words are the strongest, the profoundest, the surest; age cannot antiquate them, nor science undo them; they last with the rocks, and still go beyond. But, having in view rather the operation than the cause, we find a use also in such alternative phrases as “mode of thinking,” “mode of feeling and thinking,” “habit of thought,” “moral and intellectual character or constitution,” and the like. Or, again, if we will have an image of that which from its nature is unimaginable, then, in our efforts to be as pure and abstract as possible, we find ourselves driven, as I have said, into a fancy of mind as a kind of clear ærial transparency, unbounded or of indefinite bounds, and yet not a dead transparency, but a transparency full of pulses, powers, motions, and whirls, capable in a moment of clouding itself, ceasing to be a transparency, and becoming some strange solid phantasmagory, as of a landscape smiling in sunshine or a sky dark with a storm. Yet again there is another and more mechanical conception of mind which may be of occasional use. The thinking power, the thinking principle, the substance which feels and thinks, are phrases for mind from of old; what if we were to agree, for a momentary advantage, to call mind rudely the thinking apparatus? What the advantage may be will presently appear.

Mind, mode of thinking, mode of thinking and feeling, moral and intellectual constitution, that mystic transparency full of pulses and motions, this thinking apparatus,—whichever phrase or image we adopt, there are certain appertaining considerations which we have to take along with us.

(1.) There is the consideration of differences of degree, quality, and worth. Mind may be great or small,

noble or mean, strong or weak ; the mode of thinking of one person or one time may be higher, finer, grander than that of another ; the moral and intellectual constitutions of diverse individuals or peoples may present all varieties of the admirable and lovely or the despicable and unlovely ; the pulses and motions in that mystic transparency which we fancy as one man's mind may be more vehement, more awful, more rhythmical and musical, than are known in that which we fancy as the mind of some other ; the thinking apparatus which A possesses, and by which he performs the business of his life, may be more massive, more complex, more exquisite, capable of longer reaches and more superb combinations, than that which has fallen to the lot of B. All this is taken for granted everywhere ; all our speech and conduct proceed on the assumption.

(2.) Somewhat less familiar, but not unimportant, is a consideration which I may express by calling it the necessary instability of mind, its variability from moment to moment. Your mind, my mind, every mind, is continually sustaining modifications, disintegrations, reconstructions, by all that acts upon it, by all it comes to know. We are much in the habit, indeed, of speaking of experience, of different kinds of knowledge, as so much material for the mind—material delivered into it, outspread as it were on its floor, and which it, the lord and master, may survey, let lie there for occasion, and now and then select from and employ. True ! but not the whole truth ! The mind does not stand amid what it knows, as something distinct and untouched ; the mind is actually composed at any one moment of all that it has learnt or felt up to that moment. Every new information received, every piece of knowledge gained, every joy enjoyed, every sorrow suffered, is then and there transmuted into mind, and becomes incorporate with the prior central substance. To resort now to that mechanical figure which I said might be found useful : every new piece of infor-

mation, every fact that one comes to apprehend, every probability brought before one in the course of life, is not only so much new matter for the thinking apparatus to lay hold of and work into the warp and woof of thought ; it is actually also a modification of the thinking apparatus itself. The mind thinks *with* what it knows ; and, if you alter the knowledge in any one whit, you alter the thinking instrumentality in proportion. Our whole practice of education is based on this idea, and yet somehow the idea is allowed to lurk. It may be brought out best perhaps, by thinking what may happen to a mind that has passed the period of education in the ordinary sense. A person of mature age, let us say, betakes himself, for the first time, to the study of geology. He gains thereby so much new and important knowledge of a particular kind. Yes ! but he does more. He modifies his previous mind ; he introduces a difference into his mode of thinking by a positive addition to that instrumentality of notions *with* which he thinks. The geological conceptions which he has acquired become an organic part of that reason, that intellect, which he applies to all things whatsoever ; he will think and imagine thenceforward with the help of an added potency, and, consequently, never again precisely as he did before. Generalize this hint, and let it run through history. The mind of Man cannot remain the same through two consecutive generations, if only because the knowledge which feeds and makes mind, the notions that constitute the thinking power, are continually varying. In this age of a hundred sciences, all tramping on Nature's outside with their flags up, and marching her round and round, and searching her through and through for her secrets, and flinging into the public forum their heaps of results, how is it possible to call mind the same as it was a generation or two ago, when the sciences were fewer, their industry more leisurely, and their discoveries less frequent ? Nay, but we may go back, not a generation or two only, but to

generation beyond generation through a long series, still, as we ascend, finding the sciences fewer, earth's load of knowledge lighter, and man's very imagination of the physical universe which he tenants cruder and more diminutive. Till two hundred years ago the *Mundus*, or physical system of things, to even the most learned of men, with scarcely an exception, was a finite spectacular sphere, or succession of spheres, that of the fixed stars nearly outermost, wheeling round the central earth for her pleasure; as we penetrate through still prior centuries, even this finite spherical *Mundus* is seen to shrink and shrink in men's fancies of it till a radius of some hundreds of miles would sweep from the earth to the starry roof; back beyond that again the very notion of sphericity disappears, and men were walking, as it seemed, on the upper side of a flat disc, close under a concave of blue, travelled by fiery caprices. How is it possible to regard man's mode of thinking and feeling, man's mind, as in any way constant through such vicissitude in man's notions respecting his very housing in space, and the whole encircling touch of his physical belongings?

(3.) A third consideration, however, administers a kind of corrective to the last. It is that, though the last consideration is not unimportant, its importance practically, and as far as the range of historic time is concerned, may be easily exaggerated. We have supposed a person betaking himself to the study of geology, and have truly said that his very mode of thinking would be thereby affected, that his geological knowledge would pass into his reason, and determine so far the very cast of his mind, the form of his ability. Well, but he might have betaken himself to something else; and who can tell, without definite investigation, but that out of that something else he might have derived as much increase of his mental power, or even greater? There are thousands of employments for all minds, and though all may select, and select differently, there are thousands for all

in common. Life itself, all the inevitable activity of life, is one vast and most complex schooling. Books or no books, sciences or no sciences, we live, we look, we love, we laugh, we fear, we hate, we wonder; we are sons, we are brothers, we have friends; the seasons return, the sun shines, the moon walks in beauty, the sea roars and beats the land, the winds blow, the leaves fall; we are young, we grow old; we commit others to their graves, we see somewhere the little grassy mound which shall conceal ourselves:—is not this a large enough primary school for all and sundry; are not these sufficient and everlasting rudiments? That so it is we all recognise. Given some original force or goodness of nature, and out of even this primary school, and from the teaching of these common rudiments, may there not come, do there not come, minds worthy of mark—the shrewd, keen wit, the upright and robust judgment, the disposition tender and true, the bold and honest man? And though, for perfection, the books and the sciences must be superadded, yet do not the rudiments persist in constant overproportion and incessant compulsory repetition through all the process of culture, and is not the great result of culture itself a reaction on the rudiments? And so, without prejudice to our foregone conclusion that mind is variable with knowledge, that every new science or body of notions conquered for the world modifies the world's mode of thinking and feeling, alters the cast and the working trick of its reason and imagination, we can yet fall back, for historic time at least, on the notion of a human mind so essentially permanent and traditional that we cannot decide by mere chronology where we may justly be fondest of it, and certainly cannot assume that its latest individual specimens, with all their advantages, are necessarily the ablest, the noblest, or the cleverest. In fact, however we may reconcile it with our theories of vital evolution and progressive civilization, we all instinctively agree in this style of sentiment. Shakespeare lived and died, we may say, in the pre-scientific period;

he lived and died in the belief of the fixity of our earth in space and the diurnal wheeling round her of the ten spectacular spheres. Not the less was he Shakespeare; and none of us dares to say that there is now in the world, or has recently been, a more superb thinking apparatus of its order than his mind was, a spiritual transparency of larger diameter, or vivid with grander gleamings and pulses. Two hundred and fifty years, therefore, chock-full though they are of new knowledges and discoveries, have not been a single knife-edge of visible advance in the world's power of producing splendid individuals; and, if we add two hundred and fifty to that, and again two hundred and fifty, and four times two hundred and fifty more without stopping, still we cannot discern that there has been a knife-edge of advance in that particular. For at this last remove we are among the Romans, and beyond them there lie the Greeks; and side by side with both, and beyond both, are other Mediterranean Indo-Europeans, and, away in Asia, clumps and masses of various Orientals. For ease of reference, let us go no farther than the Greeks. Thinking-apparatuses of first-rate grip! mental transparencies of large diameter and tremulous with great powers and pulses! What do we say to Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Thucydides, Aristotle, Demosthenes, and the rest of the great Hellenic cluster which these represent? True, their cosmology was in a muddle (perhaps *ours* is in a muddle too, for as little as we think so); but somehow they contrived to be such that the world doubts to this day whether, on the whole, at any time since, it has exhibited, in such close grouping, such a constellation of spirits of the highest magnitude. And the lesson enforced by this Greek instance may be enforced, less blazingly perhaps, but still clearly, as by the light of scattered stars, by instances from the whole course of historic time. Within that range, despite the vicissitudes of the mode of human thought caused by conti-

nued inquisitiveness and its results in new knowledges, despite the change from age to age in mankind's very image of its own whereabouts in space, and the extent of that whereabouts, and the complexity of the entanglement in which it rolls, it is still true that you may probe at any point with the sure expectation of finding at least *some* minds as good intrinsically, as strong, as noble, as valiant, as inventive, as any in our own age of latest appearances and all the newest lights. I am aware, of course, where the compensation may be sought. The philosophical historian may contend that, though some minds of early ages have been as able intrinsically as any minds of later ages, these later minds being themselves the critics and judges, yet an enormous general progress may be made out in the increased *number* in the later ages of minds tolerably able, in the heightening of the general level, in the more equable diffusion of intelligence, in the gradual extension of freedom, and the humanizing of manners and institutions. On that question I am not called upon to enter now, nor is my opinion on it to be inferred from anything I am now saying. I limit myself to the assertion that within historic time we find what we are obliged to call an intrinsic co-equality of *some* minds at various successive points and at long-separated intervals, and that consequently, if the human race *is* gradually acquiring a power of producing individuals more able than their ablest predecessors, the rate of its law in this respect is so slow that 2,500 years have not made the advance appreciable. The assertion is limited; it is reconcilable, I believe, with the most absolute and extreme doctrine of evolution; but it seems to be both important and curious, inasmuch as it has not yet been sufficiently attended to in any of the phrasings of that doctrine that have been speculatively put forward. No doctrine is rightly phrased, I would submit, when, if it were true according to that phrasing, it would be man's highest duty to proceed as if it weren't.

History itself, the mere tradition and records of the human race, would have authorized our assertion. Pericles, Epaminondas, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne: would not the authenticated tradition of the lives and actions of these men, and others of their order, or of other orders, prove that possible capacity of the individual mind has not, for the last 2,500 years of our earth's history, been a mere affair of chronological date? But it is Literature that reads us the lesson most fully and convincingly. Some of those great men of action have left little or no direct speech of themselves. They mingled their minds with the rage of things around them; they worked, and strove, and died. But the books we have from all periods, the poems, the songs, the treatises, the pleadings—some of them from men great also in the world of action, but most from men who only looked on, and thought, and tried to rule the spirit, or to find how it might be ruled—these remain with us and can be studied yet microscopically. If what the Historian wants to get at is the mind of the time that interests him, or of the past generally, here it is for him in no disguised form, but in actual specimens. Poems, treatises, and the like, are actual transmitted *bits* of the mind of the past; every fragment of verse or prose from a former period preserves something of the thought and sentiment of that period expressed by some one belonging to it; the masterpieces of the world's literature are the thought and feeling of successive generations expressed, in and for each generation, by those who could express them best. What a purblind perversity then it is for History, professing that its aim is to know the mind or real life of the past, to be fumbling for that mind or life amid old daggers, rusty iron caps and jingling jackets, and other such material relics as the past has transmitted, or even groping for it, as ought to be done most strictly, in statutes and charters and records, if all the while those literary remains of the past are neglected from

which the very thing searched for stares us face to face!

There is a small corollary to our main proposition. It is that ages which we are accustomed to regard as crude, barbarous, and uncivilized, may turn out perhaps, on due investigation and a better construction of the records, to have been not so crude and barbarous after all, but to have contained a great deal of intrinsic humanity, interesting to us yet, and capable, through all intervening time and difference, of folding itself round our hearts. And here I will quit those great, but perhaps too continually obtrusive, Greeks and Romans, and will take my examples, all the homelier though they must be, from our own land and kindred.

The fourteenth century in our island was not what we should now hold up as a model age, a soft age, an orderly age, an instructed age, a pleasant age for a lady or gentleman that has been accustomed to modern ideas and modern comforts to be transferred back into. It was the age of the three first Edwards, Richard II., and Henry IV. in England, and of the Wallace Interregnum, Bruce, David II., and the two first Stuarts in Scotland. Much was done in it, as these names will suggest, that has come down as picturesque story, and stirring popular legend. It is an age, on that account, in which schoolboys and other plain uncritical readers of both nations revel with peculiar relish. Critical inquirers, too, and real students of history, especially of late, have found it an age worth their while, and have declared it full of important facts and powerful characters. Not the less the inveterate impression among a large number of persons of a rapid modern way of thinking is that all this interesting vision of the England and Scotland of the fourteenth century is mere poetical glamour or antiquarian make-believe, and that the real state of affairs was one of mud, mindlessness, fighting and scramble generally, no tea and no newspapers, but plenty of hanging, and murder almost *ad libitum*. Now these are most

wrong-headed persons, and they might be beaten black and blue by sheer force of records. But out of kindness one may take a gentler method with them, and try to bring them right by æsthetic suasion. It so chances, for example, that there are literary remains of the fourteenth century, both English and Scottish, and that the authors of the chief of these were Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English literature proper, and John Barbour, the father of the English literature of North Britain. Let us take a few bits from Chaucer and Barbour. Purposely, we shall take bits that may be already familiar.

Here is Chaucer's often-quoted description of the scholar, or typical student of Oxford University, from the Prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*:—

A clerk there was of Oxenford also,
That unto logic haddè long ygo,
As lenè was his horse as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But looked hollow, and thereto soberly,
Full threadbare was his overest courtsey;
For he had gotten him yet no benefice,
Ne was not worldly to have office;
For him was liefer han at his bed's head
A twenty books, clothèd in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or sautrie.
But, albe that he was a philosopher,
Yet haddè he but little gold in coffer;
But all that he might of his friendès hent
On bookès and on learning he it spent,
And busily gan for the soules pray
Of hem that gave him wherewith to scholay.
Of study took he moste cure and heed;
Not æ word spake he more than was need;
And that was said in form and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high sentence;
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

Or, take an out-of-doors' scene from one of Chaucer's minor poems. It is a description of a grove or wood in spring, or early summer:—

In which were oakès great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of hue,
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well fro his fellow grew,
With branches broad, laden with leavès new,
That sprungen out agen the sunnè-sheem,
Some very red, and some a glad light green.

Or, for a tidy scene indoors, take this from another poem:—

And, sooth to sayen, my chamber was
Full well depainted, and with glass
Were all the windows well yglazed
Full clear, and not an hole ycrased,
That to behold it was great joy;
For wholly all the story of Troy
Was in the glazing ywrought thus,
Of Hector and of King Priamus,
Of Achilles and of King Laomedon,
And eke of Medea and Jason,
Of Paris, Helen, and Lavine;
And all the walls with colours fine
Weren paint, both text and glose,
And all the Rómaunt of the Rose:
My windows weren shut each one,
And through the glass the sunnè shone
Upon my bed with brighte beams.

Or, take these stanzas of weighty ethical sententiousness (usually printed as Chaucer's, but whether his or not does not matter):—

Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfast-
ness;

Suffice unto thy good, though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is blent in all;
Savour no more than thee behovèd shall;
Rede well thyself that other folk canst rede;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

Painè thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball.
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against an awl;
Strive not as doth a crockè with a wall;
Deemè thyself that deemest others dead;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness:
Forth, pilgrim! forth, beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thanke God of all:
Waivè thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lead;
And truth shall thee deliver, it is no drede.

Or, finally, take a little bit of Chaucer's deep, keen slyness, when he is speaking smilingly about himself and his own poetry. He has represented himself as standing in the House or Temple of Fame, observing company after company going up to the goddess, and petitioning for renown in the world for what they have done. Some she grants what they ask, others she dismisses crestfallen, and Chaucer thinks the *levée* over:—

With that I gan aboute wend,
For one that stood right at my back
Methought full goodly to me spake,

And said, "Friend, what is thy name?
 Art thou come hither to have fame?"
 "Nay, forsoothe, friend," quoth I;
 "I came not hither, grammercy,
 For no such cause, by my head.
 Sufficeth me, as I were dead,
 That no wight have my name in hand:
 I wot myself best how I stand;
 For what I dree or what I think
 I will myselve all it drink,
 Certain for the more part,
 As farforth as I ken mine art!"

Chaucer ranks to this day as one of the very greatest and finest minds in the entire literature of the English speech, and stands therefore on a level far higher than can be assumed for his contemporary Barbour. But Barbour was a most creditable old worthy too. Let us have a scrap or two from his *Bruce*. Who does not know the famous passage which is the very key-note of that poem? One is never tired of quoting it:—

Ah! freedom is a noble thing;
 Freedom makes man to have liking;
 Freedom all solace to man gives;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.
 A noble heart may have nane ease,
 Ne ellys aught that may him please
 Gif freedom faileth; for free liking
 Is yearnit over all other thing;
 Nor he that aye has livit free
 May not know weel the propertie,
 The anger, ne the wretched doom,
 That is coupled to foul thirldom;
 But, gif he had essayed it,
 Then all perquere he should it wit,
 And should think freedom mair to prize
 Than all the gold in the world that is.

Or, take the portrait of the good Sir James, called "The Black Douglas," the chief companion and adherent of Bruce, introduced near the beginning of the poem, where he is described as a young man living moodily at St. Andrews before the Bruce revolt:—

Ane weel great while there dwellit he:
 All men loved him for his bountie;
 For he was of full fair effere,
 Wise, courteous, and debonair;
 Large and loving also was he,
 And ower all thing loved loyalty.
 Loyautie to love is getrumly;
 Through loyalty men lives richtwisly;
 With a virtue of loyalty
 Ane man may yet sufficiand be;
 And, but loyalty, may nane have prize,
 Whether he be wicht or be he wise;

For, where it failis, nae virtue
 May be of prize, ne of value
 To mak ane man sae good that he
 May simply callit good man be.
 He was in all his deedis leal;
 For him dedeignit not to deal
 With treachery ne with falsét.
 His heart on high honour was set,
 And him contened in sic manere
 That all him loved that war him near.
 But he was not soe fair that we
 Culd speak greatly of his beautie.
 In visage was he somedeal grey,
 And had black hair, as I heard say;
 But of his limbs he was well made,
 With banes great and shoulders braid;
 His body was well made leanlie,
 As they that saw him said to me.
 When he was blythe, he was lively
 And meek and sweet in company;
 But wha in battle micht him see
 All other countenance had he.
 And in speech lisped he somedeal;
 But that set him richt wonder weel.
 To good Hector of Troy micht he
 In many things likenit be.
 Hector had black hair as he had,
 And stark limbs and richt weel made,
 And lisped also as did he,
 And was fulfilled of loyalty,
 And was courteous, and wise, and wicht.

My purpose in quoting these passages from Chaucer and Barbour will have been anticipated. Let me, however, state it in brief. We hear sometimes in these days of a certain science, or rather portion of a more general science, which takes to itself the name of *Social Statics*, and professes, under that name, to have for its business—I give you the very phrase of those who define it—the investigation of "possible social simultaneities." That is to say, there may be a science of what can possibly go along with what in any social state or stage; or, to put it otherwise, any one fact or condition of a state of society being given, there may be inferred from that fact or condition the sum of the other facts and conditions that must necessarily have co-existed with it. Thus at length perhaps, by continued inference, the whole state of an old society might be imaged out, just as Cuvier, from the sight of one bone, could infer with tolerable accuracy the general structure of the animal. Well, will *Social Statics* be so good as to take the foregoing passages, and whirr out of

them their "possible social simultaneities?" Were this done, I should be surprised if the England and Scotland of the fourteenth century were to turn out so very unlovely, so atrociously barbarian, after all. These passages are actual transmitted bits of the English and Scottish mind of that age, and surely the substance from which they are extracts cannot have been so very coarse or bad. Where such sentiments existed and were expressed, where the men that could express them lived and were appreciated, the surrounding medium of thought, of institutions, and of customs, must have been to correspond. There must have been truth, and honour, and courtesy and culture, round these men; there must have been high heart, shrewd sense, delicate art, gentle behaviour, and, in one part of the island at least, a luxuriant complexity of most subtle and exquisite circumstance.

The conclusion which we have thus reached vindicates that mood of mind towards the whole historical past which we find to have been actually the mood of all the great masters of literature whenever they have ranged back in the past for their themes. When Shakespeare writes of Richard II., who lived two hundred years before his own time, does he not overleap those two hundred years as a mere nothing, plunge in among Richard's Englishmen as intrinsically not different from so many great Elizabethans, make them talk and act

as co-equals in whom Elizabethans could take an interest, and even fill the mouth of the weak monarch himself with soliloquies of philosophic melancholy, and the kingliest verbal splendours? And so when the same poet goes back into a still remoter antique, as in the council of the Greek chiefs in his *Troilus and Cressida*. We speak of Shakespeare's anachronisms in such cases. There they are certainly for the critic to note; but they only serve to bring out more clearly his main principle in his art, his sense or instinct, for all historic time, of a grand over-matching synchronism. And, indeed, without something of this instinct—this sense of an intrinsic traditional humanity persisting through particular progressive variations, this belief in a co-equality of at least some minds through all the succession of human ages in what we call the historic period—what were the past of mankind to us much more than a history of dogs or ruminants? Nay, and with that measure with which we mete out to others, with the same measure shall it not be meted out to ourselves? If to be dead is to be inferior, and if to be long dead is to be despicable, to the generation in possession, shall not we who are in possession now have passed into the state of inferiority to-morrow, with all the other defunct beyond us, and will not a time come when some far future generation will lord it on the earth, and we shall lie deep, deep down, among the strata of the despicable?

TWO NIGHTS IN A FRENCH PRISON DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

WANDERING about among the *avant-postes* of a besieging army, or, indeed, of an army in the field at all, is not a particularly safe or prudent amusement. If the army in question happens to be a semi-disloyal French army engaged in a furious civil war, such a proceeding approaches to the bounds of madness. Let it not be supposed, then, that the following pages are meant as an appeal to the sympathy or condolence of Britannic readers, or that the writer, having gone in for so insensate an amusement, looks for any such consolation. On the contrary, he neither deserves nor expects any other comment upon its consequences than the true verdict of "serve him right." But that need not prevent him from relating a few of his experiences of the amenities of prison life, as it existed a few days back among the "Versaillais." In return for the board and lodging so kindly furnished by these "loyalists," he owes them a small debt of gratitude; and it is by the publication of the following true story that he hopes to pay it off.

There is a sort of fascination in the feeling of being under fire—only known to those who have been in that situation—which naturally keeps a man from turning back, and urges him on open-eyed to his destruction. Curiosity, no doubt, is the motive power, and a ridiculous motive enough it is; but, laugh at it as you will, it constitutes a vague impulse which prompts one with an almost irresistible force to get nearer and nearer to the scene of action. Thus, during the bombardment of Paris, have I seen an old gentleman and his wife tottering along with white faces and trembling limbs towards a dan-

gerous barricade. Their fear was inordinate; but their curiosity was paramount. A wound, or the sight of a nasty "accident," will check the feeling or keep it within bounds, but it will not eradicate it; inhabitants of a bombarded city will tell you that one of their keenest trials was the necessity of stifling their curiosity to go out and see what was going on.

This feeling, and the assurance of soldiers and peasants, that nothing but the shells and bullets were to be feared, encouraged me to set forth rashly to investigate the lines of the besieging army. Having explored on the other side of the river the line of defences manned by the Federals, it was doubly interesting to get an idea of the assailant works and operations going on in the other camp. Then the delightful liberty in which one wandered round the insurgent *avant-postes*, without any other obstacle than a warning to be careful of one's precious life, lulled one into a dangerous want of caution as to the perils to be met with on the other side. Thus, in fatal security, did I prolong my rather objectless walk far into the black country, where shells fell thick around, and the cottages stood or lay in unsightly ruins along the path. On the right hand rolled the omnibuses on the high road to Versailles; on the left cracked the rifles and the exploding shells, and bellowed the iron voice of the batteries. But the sights and scenes of that devastated country are not to be told here, nor the stories recounted by the peasants and soldiers collected in the several villages. Everywhere one met with French politeness, and as it turned out French insincerity. "Ah, a stranger may go on, without

doubt; only take care you do not 'catch' a piece of shell or '*essuyer*' a volley of Chassépôt bullets." And so—chatting and fraternizing along the left bank of the Seine towards the great, grim, noisy fortress of the west—past Colombes, with its garrison of swallow-tailed, goat-bearded gendarmes—now dignified with the title of marching regiments, and fighting for the cause of the Republic with Imperialism in their hearts; past Asnières, with its ruined bridges and unburied corpses, where the Chassépôts cracked merrily from the loopholed walls of the park; right on to Becon, where the shells fell half-a-dozen to the minute round and upon the twice-pillaged, twice-bombarded château. It was beyond Becon, between there and the great battery of Courbevoie, that imprudence met its fate. There was a smaller battery established right across the road just to the westward of the park. Beside it was a piquet of line soldiers and a couple of officers, young, foppish, and consequently bumptious. An undisguised Britannic accent, and Granville passport perfectly *en règle*, were wholly ineffectual against the suspicion of these veterans. They had had their spell of prison life very lately in Germany, and they thought it was their turn to play the other game: "*Seulement il faut régulariser la chose; on vous amenera devant le maire pour être plus sûr.*"

A private soldier was commissioned to conduct me before the mayor of Courbevoie. As he walked me across a ploughed field on the road to the headquarters of the "place," I had a happy thought of leaving him to drag his short legs *solus* to the office of the worthy official. He had no weapon but his side arms, and ten minutes would have put me out of his sight, safe on the high road to Versailles. But a false reliance on his assurance that the mayor would be *gentil* and provide a pass, made me abandon the design. Of course the natural consequence followed in due form. The mayor took the opportunity to insult *perfidé Albion* and the rest of the cursed stranger nations. It re-

mained to appeal to the commanding officer of the place. He was very sorry; it was *très-ennuyant*, but he could not interfere with the orders of the civil power. Then to the commander of the Gendarmerie. He was *désolé*, but what was he to do? He had no authority. "Would he send to the ambassador? Would he telegraph?" "Alas! there are no wires." A French army has no means of communication between its staff officers and its commander-in-chief. But he would send me on to Versailles at the first opportunity. In the meantime, there would be no maltreatment; it was only a matter of form. "One sees very well that you are not a spy." A few hours in a barrack prison did not seem a very formidable affair. I was hardly prepared for the sequel, less still for its opening scene.

Passing across the courtyard of the barracks, the bang of exploding *obus* sounded pretty thick all around. The prison consisted of a stone hut facing towards Paris and the east. In it were half a dozen peasants of the regular French type. Communicative as Frenchmen only are, they had soon divulged their different stories. I was anxious to know among what sort of criminals fate had cast in my unexpected lot. But their cases failed to impress me with an idea of the heinousness of their guilt, or to inspire me with any great horror of the accused, as rebels, conspirators, and enemies of the State. Two of them—ragged, ignorant old *ouvriers* of the lowest class—had been seized for the crime of collecting *éclats d'obus* about the fields; another for collecting something even still more dangerous and suspicious—common snails for the subsistence of his family. The same hunger which had driven this unfortunate into the fields to gather up this rather primitive kind of food, had persuaded another peasant to leave the safe shelter of his cottage, and to bring back from the next baker's shop, some distance away, a store of loaves for himself and his children during the coming hostilities. The suspicious circumstance of carrying loaves was to the Versaillist

officer a convincing proof of guilt; and the wretched peasant, for attempting to save his family from starvation, was condemned to long days of misery in a worse than felon's prison, and may not improbably be languishing there to this very day. Another man was imprisoned for having walked out of Paris, and two others who came in subsequently, for wearing the uniform of the National Guard. Although they had the clearest proof that they belonged to the party of order, and had escaped with difficulty and danger from the Communists, the fact of their being clad in the obnoxious garb was amply sufficient to convict them of being spies. It never seemed to occur to these clever officials and officers that a real spy or guilty person would choose any costume rather than the suspected uniform in which to carry out his plans. But the French, with all their cry and fuss and spy-hunting mania, rarely arrest the real offenders. A very little caution enables a clever spy to throw them off the scent, and in this case the innocent most commonly suffer for the guilty, and fools pay the penalty for knaves. The poor creatures amongst whom I found myself came so clearly within the former category, that it was impossible to doubt their story. They were much too stupid to have invented or maintained a clever lie, and a few minutes' cross-examination would have utterly demolished their attempts to "stick to it." The plain, unvarnished tale of their offences amused me heartily; I should not have laughed so loud had I known the sequel to their arrest and summary imprisonment.

The big door was open towards the court; round it were several of the gendarmes quartered in the barracks. On my arrival, the captain and lieutenant in command of the *dépôt* came up to the door to see the newly-captured spy. Surprised at not being answered in a cringing tone of supplication, they resorted to insolent menaces, and, ordering the gendarme in charge to keep a special eye on "that tall insurgent," were about to leave the spot, when their

course was effectually arrested by a strange and effectual intrusion. The few seconds which succeeded are not very easy to describe. There was a tremendous noise, a great shock, a smoke, a strong smell, and a considerable loss of breath, and I found myself against the wall, looking down upon a number of writhing bodies. They were the mutilated forms of men, or what had been men, a moment before. Of the whole group collected just outside the door, hardly one was left standing upright. As for the captain and lieutenant, who had been standing close to the threshold, they presented an awful sight indeed. The former, pale as death, was bleeding in torrents from his foot, a great part of which had been blown to atoms, and had disappeared utterly. The latter lay like a heap, amongst a litter of rags and scraps of flesh. One of his legs, with the scarlet trouser that once belonged to it, was literally cut to pieces. The stump, torn and jagged by the cruel iron, quivered with a sickening agony. Pools of blood began to trickle on to the gravel soil, while the other victims, struggling and crawling about like reptiles over the ground, marked it with ghastly trails of crimson in the agonies of their pain. Meanwhile the groans and yells of pain alarmed the whole barrack yard. The soldiers rushing to the spot found the ground strewn with horrid fragments. Pieces of boot with their hideous red contents lay here and there—almost all the victims had been hit in the feet or legs:—fragments of iron and stone were scattered around, with rags of red uniform. It was some seconds before we had the heart to examine the real cause of the "accident." A percussion shell had fallen against the very door-post of the building. It had blown away part of the stone doorway, and its fragments had distributed themselves with awful effect both inside and outside the prison. Of the prisoners one only was badly hit; a large piece of iron had entered and left itself within his thigh. Two more were slightly wounded,—one with an *éclat*, the other

with a piece of the masonry. Of course the officers and gendarmes were carried off straight to the hospital. Their comrades silently cleared away the ghastly evidences of the "accident." As for our wounded fellow-prisoner, he was only an insurgent. He lay there feebly moaning without sympathy. The soldiers were rather inclined to curse him and us as the cause of the occurrence than waste any assistance or sympathy upon us. It was impossible to bind up the wound of this unfortunate: he could not bear a hand near the wounded place. He lay with the blood drying on his drenched clothes, and with his wound stiffening in the raw air, till some one of the gaolers, more merciful than his race, happened to bestow a thought upon him. It was deemed advisable to shift his quarters to the hospital, and he was rather roughly lifted on to a tumble-down litter with no head-rest on it, and carried off out of our sight. I shall not forget the look with which he stretched out a feeble hand and grasped gratefully those of his fellow-prisoners. Probably he thought, poor wretch, that it was his last chance of exchanging a kindly greeting, and that he was saying farewell to the last person from whom in this world he would receive the little kindnesses that the dying prize so much.

We were removed into an adjoining cell, as I supposed for greater safety's sake, but as it turned out, merely that the *débris* caused by the explosion and the blood of the wounded man might be cleared away for our accommodation. We were restored before nightfall to the scene of the little incident which had disturbed us, and which had attended so promptly my introduction to the delights of prison life. Our warder, a surly but not bad-hearted Corsican, enabled me to procure some food, a rough sort of *galantine* of meat and two bottles of *vin ordinaire*, with which we all did our best to restore our spirits and keep up an attempt at conversation. The bronze wealth of the wretched French prisoners had been confiscated

when they were searched. I don't know why my more precious metals had escaped, but this piece of good luck materially acquired me huge popularity. More fortunately still, the officials had missed finding my return ticket from St. Denis to Paris, which would have been a conclusive proof of guilt. I had saved also a good store of cigarette papers; and a supply of tobacco, furnished by the good offices of our friend the Corsican, set us in a fair state to spend the night without over-great *ennui*. Meanwhile, fresh captives kept arriving, almost all of them victims to the zeal of the same youthful captain who had arrested me "for greater certainty." One of the late arrivals was a young peasant farmer who had fought in the *chasseurs à pied* during the Prussian siege, a man "of an excellent wit," who enlivened marvellously our long hours of durance vile. He had been arrested for being a Frenchman, and though well known in the neighbourhood, where he had a little *propriété*, could not succeed in proving his innocence. Even his brother, who came to visit him, and the priest of a neighbouring village, who sent him a certificate, were unsuccessful in procuring his release. This gentleman refreshed us with some new and admirable anecdotes of the siege, and confessed to an accusation which I fear in this country will utterly deprive him of the sympathy of my readers, that of being a cannibal. "Ah, it's all very well," said he to a real or pretending squeamish hearer, "you have not tried what it was at the outposts during the siege. If you had had nothing to eat for a day or two, with the frost gnawing into your bones, you wouldn't be so particular. What harm does it do anyone, I should like to know!"

The provision made at the Courbevoise prison for passing the night was not sumptuous or expensive. Our bed consisted of a row of rough planks very much covered with a sort of whitish brick-dust. There was no straw, far less a pillow or a bench; we were lucky not to be condemned to the cold earth. But then, as there was a great hole in

the doorway where the fragments of the shell had entered, and the glass of the tiny windows had been all blown out by the shock, we had nearly enough draughts to keep us wide awake; and if that did not suffice, there was the music of the *obus* exploding all around, one of which would very possibly pay us a visit before morning. The wretched cowardly peasants cowered and shivered at every loud discharge; and as those great humming-tops, the 48-pounders, went growling and whizzing over our heads, one could feel in the darkness the flinching of these poor terrified boors, as they crept closer beneath the shelter of the wall. One of them, the oldest, ugliest, and perhaps most innocent, walked up and down almost incessantly, smoking uninterruptedly the supplies of *caporal* which I was able to afford for his consolation, and muttering about his wife, who was at that moment hunting dismally for his corpse. It was not a comfortable night, and when we arose in the morning, very brickdusty and rather sore in the bones, we did not feel much refreshed or inclined to dispense with performing a toilette. But this was a luxury far too great to expect. It was a great boon that we got some fresh water to drink,—wine was no longer obtainable.

Late in the morning I thought it might be worth while to try the effect of an epistle to the commanding officer, reminding him of the orders, which to my knowledge he had received, to forward one prisoner at least immediately; and suggesting that a safer place might possibly be found if we were to be retained indefinitely in his custody. The result was a removal to a loathsome dungeon somewhere deep down beneath the barracks. Two of our number were told off on pain of starvation to clear out this mouldy habitation. With herculean labour they expelled the spiders, cockroaches, centipedes, and other inmates of this undesirable lodging-place, and scraped off some little of the slimy crust that covered its mouldy wall and floor. We then descended *en masse*, and dragging in with us each a damp unsavoury straw mattress, ensconced our-

selves at our best ease on them, round the tallow candle which faintly illuminated the den. We formed a scene truly worthy of Rembrandt. A dozen as ill-assorted individuals as fate could bring together—lying, sitting, or now and then standing,—there was not room enough to walk a step; sleeping, smoking, talking, or chewing the black bread which was cast to us in lumps, we made up a picture wholly indescribable. In costume, in face, and in the manner of braving our captivity, we differed variously. Besides the actual darkness of the dungeon, the utter want of ventilation increased the picturesque horror of the scene, for a veil of foul air mixed with the fumes of tobacco added to the dimness of the atmosphere, and almost overwhelmed the feeble rays of the wretched candle that flickered in the midst. As the hours rolled slowly on, the "bears" who had betted against our release on that day began to prevail over the "bulls" who had backed us to escape, and at three we had almost given up all hopes, when the order came to mount to the upper air. It was a veritable resurrection; the fresh air of heaven smelt like the fragrance of a paradise. We were to march under escort to Mount Valerien, and thence be sent on straight to Versailles.

Our walk from Courbevoie between a double file of gendarmerie was festive and hilarious. It resembled rather a triumphal march than a procession of doomed criminals. Yet had we known what fate was reserved for us at the Royal City, we should have walked in with heavy hearts and dire forebodings, or even regretted our mouldy quarters in the barrack cellar. But of our march and its sights—not few nor uninteresting—I must not pause to give account. It must be imagined how we were hooted by the populace, and cursed by the passers-by: how we were shelled in descending Mount Valerien by the Communist batteries in Paris, who, naturally enough, took us and our gallant escort for a hostile company of infantry issuing from the fort. It was here that our cannibal, the man of excellent wit, shone to

marvellous advantage, retorting upon our revilers with chaff of irresistible efficacy, and turning the gall and bitterness of our various escorting guards into laughter and civility. At the last stage where we changed escort, we fell to the lot of half-a-dozen mounted gendarmes. It was getting dark, and in consideration of our ferocious character and heinous offences, we were chained two and two together. The fool of the party, being odd man—in both senses—without a pair to be chained unto, was attached by a cord as a sort of *dexioseiros* to the cannibal and his associate. The trio led the way, and we thus marched up the street of Versailles attended by a huge *queue* of yelling "loyalist" rabble.

Arrived at the cavalry barracks and before the *pro tem*. Commissaire de Police, our miseries very speedily recommenced. I had been assured by everyone at Courbevoie, Mount Valerien, and everywhere else, that immediately on reaching Versailles my letter would be forwarded to the Embassy. I applied therefore with *empressement* to the dignitary before whom we were presented for inspection, to send on my little note without loss of time. "Do you think then," responded this polite authority, "that I am here as a postman, or that I have men to send about on errands for you or the like of you?" Perhaps a gendarme might be persuaded for a napoleon to do this very moderate service. No, the eye of the stern man of justice was upon him, and he was incorruptible. We were thrust down, dusty and footsore with our twelve miles' walk, into another dungeon deeper even than the one which we had so lately and so hopefully quitted.

Here once more I feel how powerless are words to convey a picture of the scene to which I was introduced: "a long, low-roofed corridor lined with a whole regiment of grimy faces of every form and type, from the degraded and semi-idiotic visage of the French country boor to the delicate and intelligent features of the born Parisian—from the scowl of crime and vice to the open mien of manifest innocence. The denizens of this frightful abode crowded

towards the foot of the dark staircase to scrutinize the new arrivals. Far away into the black darkness of the inner dungeon the rows of dirty faces could be seen. It was an event in their miserable lives, the coming of a new batch of unfortunates. They were not sorry to have more companions in misery; but, on the other hand, every new arrival diminished the amount of space and air, and added its quota to the horrible closeness of the imprisoned atmosphere. Even in this abyss of misery I did not wholly despair of getting my letter taken out. "Is there any one going up of this hole to-night?" I shouted as a last chance, holding up my letter and my napoleon. The wretches around me laughed with a grim ridicule, "Ha, ha! on ne sort pas d'ici, citoyen. Parbleu! la poste ne fonctionne pas ici-bas. Eh? nom de Dieu!" But the bystanders had a certain sympathy for the tall Englisher. And a man with a napoleon who could write a letter might, after all, be a useful friend. If he *did* get out, he might carry letters, or at all events take messages. But the world of *ici-bas* was very incredulous as to any chance of sending a letter out by fair means. In truth I had never expected to see so good a realization of one's idea of the Inferno, and it began to seem as if Dante's motto might really be truly written over its subterranean portals—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"

A short *reconnaissance*, under the guidance of one of the *habités* of this hell, revealed its horrors in their full extent. The vaults had once served as cellars to a royal palace. "You will have the satisfaction," said my guide, "of saying that you have visited the cellars of Henri IV." "Thank you, that is a pleasure rather dearly bought. I should prefer to visit them when their bins are stored with some of your French wines, than when they are crammed with your French unwashed humanity." The side alleys or galleries of these vaults branched off from the main corridors, and into them "gave" the square dens which once had been

stored with the several vintages, but now were tenanted by parties of the more lucky captives. I say lucky, for those who were too late to occupy a place in one of these dens, or not strong enough to save it from invasion, had to sleep on the damp, rotten floor outside. Such was the lot of most of my fellow-travellers who arrived with me from Courbevoie. As for me, I was fortunate again. My London-built coat, or my irreproachable hat, or some other peculiarity, recommended me immediately to the hospitality of a Garde National. "Will you have a place in my *appartement*, citizen? it is at your disposal; here, No. 6, in the Rue St. Pierre." For even in this dismal scene the facility of French wit had already named the different filthy corridors. There was the "Rue des Martyrs," by which you entered first; the "Avenue de la Grande Armée," where the gendarmes on duty stood; at the far end, beyond the third and last tallow candle, the "Champs Elysées," over whose horrors I will permit myself to draw a veil, and—most appropriate, as I thought, of all—the grand "Boulevard d'Enfer."

Over these vaulted unventilated passages tallow candles stuck against the wall threw their dim unwholesome rays. The wretched lights struggled almost unsuccessfully against the foul air which encompassed them. By day a faint glimmer of daylight forced its way down some narrow chinks at the very edge of the roof on one side of the vault; but neither by night nor by day would there have been light enough to read, had there been anything to read. Along the galleries hung and floated in loathsome slothfulness clouds of noxious air and horrible odours, poisoning the air one breathed, and oppressing the lungs with a sickly feeling that seemed as if it must produce some horrible pestilence. The creatures who had been living for days *à bas* had got quite accustomed to it, and minded it apparently no more than rats whose home is in the sewers. One animal there was—he had put off almost all semblance of humanity—possessed of some loathsome and, it was said, contagious disease. This wretch, who

was also idiotic in mind, or perhaps wholly devoid of that incumbrance, was shunned as a pestilence, and exiled somewhere to the Champs Elysées. At times he would appear like a phantom stalking along the passages, when his approach was heralded by loud shouts of warning, and a stampede ensued, every one fleeing before his path. I shuddered as the spectral figure passed down outside our den.

Into the square apartment to which I had been admitted as the sixth occupant, the *propriétaire* had collected a good store of straw. I was informed that this luxury had quite lately been added to the furniture of the dungeon. But there was very little of it, and that little had all been appropriated long ago to the luckiest and strongest householders. In the other apartments and in the corridors the miserable prisoners crouched down on the dank slimy earth, or walked about by night, waiting for the day to get a lodging in the apartment of some compassionate *propriétaire*. Our chamber was, therefore, comparatively luxurious. It was tenanted by some of the most respectable of the "criminals," two of them being Gardes Nationaux. At bedtime the door was barred by an ingenious contrivance to provide against a nocturnal invasion of the destitutes. In the morning there was conversation, joined in by each in turn as he gave up his hopes of a longer sleep. By this talk I found out that almost all the prisoners here had been arrested on the same frivolous and unfounded charges as those which had lost my companions their liberty. There was a Dutchman there, a very intelligent fellow, who had been in gaol nine days. He was not accused of anything except of not being a Frenchman, and not being where he ought to have been. Then there was a Belgian; and a Spaniard from the Indian colonies had been brought in the same day that I arrived. There had been an American, but he had been released; the rest were all Frenchmen, and, including the whole number of prisoners, there must have been very near upon a hundred in this one prison. The said prison was only one, as I was assured, of fifty then exist-

ing at Versailles ; whether the accommodation was the same in their case as it was in ours I have no means of knowing.

The diet prescribed in our peculiar dungeon was of a very simple kind, consisting of black bread, rather similar to that to which we were treated in Paris in the last days of the Prussian siege. My kind host offered me a hunch from a private store which he had hidden away in his "apartment." "Nay, don't refuse," said he, as I assured him that I was not hungry. "You may be glad of it to-morrow. They only give it us out once a day, in the afternoon ; and precious little of it when they do." As for drink, the most bibacious of mankind would hardly have indulged very freely in this place. There was a single huge can set on the floor in the Boulevard d'Enfer, to which every one applied his lips when he had occasion. I did not see it replenished with fresh water as long as I was in the dungeon ; but I believe that, before it was absolutely drained to the dregs, a complaisant gendarme would generally have it filled again. Whether the leper, or diseased outcast, whatever he may have been, ever got access to the water, I do not know. I should imagine it was "defended" to him to drink until the rest of the world were satisfied. Of course washing was an impossible luxury. It was beyond the thoughts of anyone. The unshaven beards and matted dirty hair of all the "criminals" added greatly to the general effect of their appearance.

Yet even in this veritable hell one could not help observing the inextinguishable vivacity of the national character. Amidst even this pestilential and oppressive darkness there shone out occasionally the sparkle of French wit, and there went on continuously the hum of light cheerful conversation, and the railery that we stigmatize with the name of chaff. Your true Parisian must always be *acting* before the public eye. He must keep up his part even in a dungeon ; and there his part as a philosopher is naturally the rôle of *toujours gai*. So he hides his tears and chagrin behind some corner in the dark, and he airs his *bon-mots* and his affected gaiety

before his audience with creditable assiduity. The *grande nation* has its defects, and we have seen them pretty clearly just latterly ; but for a partner in temporary misery, and a cheerful companion even up to the very steps of the scaffold, commend me to a modern Gaul of the freethinking school. Of all remarkable differences which struck me as existing between these occupants of the French prison and a similar motley collection, if such could have been found, of our Britannic countrymen, the greatest was this—the almost utter absence of all blasphemous or obscene language. In an English prison the air, pestilential as it was, would have seemed doubly so by reason of the volleys of oaths that would too surely have flooded the passages. The English common people, and more especially the common soldiers, can hardly open their mouths without an oath ; and their ordinary language is such, that no lady and no decent woman can venture within earshot of them. But the Parisians don't care for swearing any more than they do for praying or for getting drunk. The lowest of the low have a certain pride in talking respectably and "Frenchly," as they call it. There were few moments when anyone in the prison at Versailles need have stopped his ears to the talk around him.

It is not necessary to detail the steps by which I ultimately obtained my release. Still more superfluous would be a tribute paid to the kindness and prompt attention of the British Ambassador. I will confess that my satisfaction at escaping was tempered with a regret at leaving so many more innocent victims buried in this disgusting tomb. There was some excuse for my confinement, but for the greater part of them there could be none at all. As I heard several of their *procès verbaux* read, I felt if possible more ashamed than ever of French justice and French common sense. I will just quote the pass which was given me on being discharged by the Provost Marshal : it is rather a curious legal document. "*Le nommé ———, sujet anglais, est mis en liberté, aucune inculpation n'ayant été relevée à sa charge.*"

POPE AND COWPER.¹

THE almost simultaneous publication of the first volume of Mr. Elwin's long-expected and magnificent edition of Pope, and of the more compact but not less useful Globe Edition of Cowper, invites a comparison between the two poets, and between their respective epochs, which, though not now attempted for the first time, is still far from being exhausted. Indeed the very remarkable character of the introduction which Mr. Elwin has prefixed to his first volume, as it seems to have finally closed one of the most important of the many controversies of which Pope has been the centre by deciding it against the poet on evidence apparently overwhelming, has imparted some real novelty into the subject; and suggests, so to speak, a kind of literary commission to rehear and report upon the whole question. For the purpose of this article, however, we shall assume it to be settled; as we entertain little or no doubt of the justice of Mr. Elwin's conclusions: and we have therefore to consider the interesting problem presented by a man not only of the highest intellectual powers, for in that would be nothing remarkable, but of the keenest sensibility combined, if we may judge by his friendships, with an amiable and even noble nature, deliberately perpetrating frauds, not to say forgeries, of which it is difficult to say if the littleness of the motive or the dirtiness of the means predominated; and contriving machinery to fix a false charge upon one of his oldest friends, who could no longer defend himself, in order to find a pretext for the gratification of his own effeminate vanity. Can this be the man, we may exclaim, who was the centre of that exalted circle which used

to meet at Twickenham and Dawley; the beloved companion of gallant soldiers and refined gentlemen, of eminent statesmen, wits, and scholars, of Mordaunt and Wyndham, of Bolingbroke and Arbuthnot, of Atterbury, Swift and Gay? Could all these have been deceived in him, or we all have been deceived in them? Because we have no longer to do with surmises and suspicions: no longer only with facts on which two constructions can be placed: no longer with such a general aspect of the case as admits of palliation or extenuation; but with acts of downright knavery. The compilation of Pope's correspondence by his own hand, if the real history of it is now given to the public, is certainly one of the most extraordinary proofs to be found, in the whole history of human nature, of the contradictory elements which are able to co-exist in one character when subject to the control, as Pope himself would have explained it, of a strong ruling passion.

The charge against Pope in general terms is as follows: That he was prompted by vanity to publish his own correspondence; that he wished to conceal the truth, and make it appear that the publication was forced upon him by the unprincipled or careless conduct of other people who were giving to the world garbled or spurious fragments of it; that in effecting this object he was himself his own agent, robbed himself of his own letters, surreptitiously conveyed them to a publisher, and then accused others of the theft; that he did not scruple, in pursuit of this stratagem, to tax even Dean Swift, who was then imbecile, with what he knew to be untrue, namely, having given away his letters improperly; and that, having thus prepared the world for what he called his genuine correspondence, he presented it with one that

¹ The Works of Alexander Pope, &c. &c. By Whitwill Elwin. John Murray, 1871.

The Globe Edition of Cowper, &c. Macmillan & Co., 1870.

has been proved to be utterly fictitious ; —letters which at his own request were returned him by his correspondents having been rewritten, redated, and re-addressed to different persons who seemed likely at the time to bring more credit to the writer. One of Pope's friends, Mr. Caryl, when asked to return his letters, took the precaution beforehand of copying them all out : and these manuscript originals being compared with the published ones are found to sustain the charge.

Those who wish to investigate the matter for themselves will find numerous specimens of this Medean system of composition in the first volume of the letters just published, and doubtless many more are to come. But Mr. Elwin has given the pith and marrow of the whole case in his Introduction, p. cxxii. *sqq.*, which the majority of readers will probably find quite sufficient for their purpose. But we must say that after the first warmth of resentment provoked by Mr. Elwin's strictures has had time to cool, and we can look back upon the whole affair in a dispassionate mood, we feel inclined after all rather to laugh than to weep over it. The spectacle of a great man detected in a mean imposture ought perhaps to be more painful than ridiculous. But in this particular case there is something so monkeyish, so grotesque, so utterly contemptible, that we cannot sustain ourselves at the high pitch of moral indignation which Mr. Elwin, not however without some semblance of straining, keeps up throughout. We confess that the whole business reminds us of nothing so much as the detective's story in "Oliver Twist," relating to the keeper of a public-house who gave out that he had been robbed of three hundred pounds, and was relieved by very liberal subscriptions got up for him by his neighbours. He went so far as to have an officer in his house, who "for a long time saw nothing at all, and listened to everything without seeming to, which showed he understood his business. But one morning he walked into the bar, and taking out his snuff-box said,

'Chickweed, I've found out who's done this here robbery.' 'Have you?' said Chickweed ; 'oh, my dear Spyers, only let me have vengeance and I shall die contented.' 'Come,' said Spyers, offering him a pinch of snuff, 'none of that gammon—you did it yourself,' and so he had too, and a pretty bit of money he made by it." The picture of Conkey Chickweed always rises up between ourselves and the righteous anger which ought to be awakened in us by the notorious P. P. transaction.

The above is not a minute or exhaustive summary of the case against the poet ; but it gives the back-bone of it : and assuming it to be true, yet remembering the high character which Pope always bore among his friends, and the kindness and magnanimity which he certainly displayed at times, we are led to consider if there was anything in the position of Pope which has not yet been duly weighed to account for so portentous a phenomenon.

The demoralization of English society begun by the Rebellion, augmented by the Restoration, and extended far and wide by the Revolution, has been underrated. All that has been admitted has been that the rationalism which triumphed in the Government triumphed likewise in the Church and in the schools ; and that the three reacting on each other produced a general scepticism. But united with this was a spirit of political infidelity which produced a much worse effect. The appeal from loyalty to expediency, and from faith to common sense, though it might indicate the decline of idealism, was perfectly consistent with virtue. But a state of things in which most men hung between the two, and swayed to this or that according to the convenience of the moment, was not favourable to it ; for it implied that there was no difference at bottom for which it was worth while to make sacrifices. A man may honestly believe that transcendental considerations are out of place in civil government ; and that expediency is the only rule by which statesmen can be guided. He may also honestly

believe that, if we accept Reason as our guide when she leads to faith, it is not fair to reject her when she leads to doubt. In either case he acts upon a principle. But the man who acts as if it did not signify what he thought, as if truth and falsehood were conventional distinctions under the protection rather of positive than of natural laws, may indeed be honest as Jonathan Wild was honest, who sincerely believed what he practised, but what the world agrees to call dishonesty will be largely propagated by his example. And what first applies only to politics will soon spread to morality. Now, speaking roughly from about the accession of William the Third to the accession of George the Third, such a state of things did prevail in England. The transition from the Caroline to the Georgian theology and philosophy, so admirably described by Dr. Pattison, was gradual, and was traceable up to the Reformation. But the shock of the political transition was infinitely more sudden and violent, and resulted in either a general indifference to all ties, or in the concealment of one set of opinions under the open profession of another. Hence an epoch of political dissimulation and corruption to which England affords no parallel either before or since. And the first, of course, led directly to the second: for men who had no principles must clearly be secured by interest. Both Whigs and Tories corresponded with the Stuarts while professing devotion to the Guelphs: and in most cases we should fear such conduct sprang from selfish motives, and not from a mistaken sense of loyalty. It was the desire to provide for themselves in case of a counter revolution which led men like Marlborough and Walpole to delude the exiles with fair promises and false hopes. It was no profound faith in hereditary right which led Bolingbroke to waste a brilliant genius on a broken cause. He saw in its recovery the only chance of his return to the great position he had lost. In this there was no dishonesty and no concealment; on the contrary we have

never had a doubt but what Bolingbroke had sincerely persuaded himself that the Whigs were ruining the country; and that the despotic power of a minister, veiled under the forms of the constitution and supported by the corruption of Parliament, was more dangerous to liberty than the despotic power of a king seen in all its naked rudeness and exerted in defiance of the laws. But still in this there was none of the high-souled and romantic loyalty of the old cavaliers, which might have acted as a corrective to the gross materialism of the age. Nor could it have escaped so acute an observer as Pope, the poet of the "Patriots," that even among the honourable and high-minded gentlemen, able and eloquent as they were, who led the party so named, there was what we should now call the "want of a distinct policy." Much of their declamation must have seemed to him hollow and unreal. The abuses which they denounced were unquestionably real enough; but the remedies which they proposed were vague and intangible. Doubtless they contained the crude germ of that principle which was destined in time to extinguish the reign of corruption. To the writings of Bolingbroke we owe both George the Third and Mr. Pitt, and the Tory reaction of 1784. But the Patriots, like all true prophets, did not understand themselves, nor is it probable that their contemporaries understood them any better. They had got a set of general maxims on which they rung the changes; and though they were not barren objectively, still they were so to *them*. Continual contact with men, however able and honourable, who on great public affairs habitually mistake words for things, and who are lifelong illustrations of the cheat which lurks in generalities, cannot but exercise an injurious effect on the mind of the man who looks up to them. How much more so when that mind is such a mind as Pope's!

Thus we see that Pope must have habitually breathed an atmosphere that was either highly artificial and unreal,

or else cynically profligate. For more than half a century no one rose up to give a higher tone to public life or private morals. Then came the turn. Wesley and Johnson began to preach and to write. A king came to the throne who, whatever his defects, was a man of fixed principles, spotless character, and determined courage. The gentlemen of the country again thronged the Court and the House of Commons, and brought with them a healthy country air to purify the tainted precincts. The voice of philanthropy began to make itself heard. A new day began to dawn. But Pope died while Cowper was a boy at Westminster; and was, in a greater degree than the latter, what his age made him. His natural character was one common enough in the annals of art and literature. He had even more than his share of caprice, shiftiness, irritability, and love of effect. He mingled in his own person the fierce pugnacity of Haydon with the girlish vanity of Goldsmith. The moral tone of the revolutionary epoch acting on such a temperament as this, naturally did its work. It aggravated all the bad points in his character, and distorted the good ones. Love of *finesse* became indifference to truth; in him vanity, as in others ambition, became the parent of unscrupulous selfishness; intellectual subtlety was expended on glittering rhetoric and verbal antitheses exactly as it was in Parliament; and his fine fits of moral indignation too frequently recall to us Lord Byron's description of the moon. Yet if we can only be on our guard to separate Pope's real contempt of folly and dulness from his affected hatred of vice and immorality, we shall still be able to take the warmest pleasure in his writings. For here he was in earnest. The age had a real respect for cleverness, a real contempt for anything that did not pay. It was to this very spirit that Bishop Butler appealed in his Analogy. And Pope had no difficulty in believing that misers, drunkards, and libertines made a bad bargain for themselves even in this life. Of stupidity and pomposity

his hatred was perfectly natural. Ambition he classes as a blunder. But then Bolingbroke was living in retirement. Of the intrinsic badness, however, of bad things, of the impurity of moral evil, apart from its practical consequences, he seems to have had no real appreciation. And wherever he appears to launch out against it, it is but an appearance. Vice, says he, is

"A monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen."

But we doubt if Pope had ever seen it. The original source of this illustration is, as our readers are aware, in Plato. It has been borrowed by numerous writers. But Pope probably got it either from the Patriot King, or, as Mr. Elwin suggests, from Dryden's "Hind and Panther." We cannot believe it is an image that would ever have occurred to himself. And we now reach the point at which the contrast between Pope and Cowper rises to its full height. Poetry with Pope was an end in itself; and he only made ethics and religion his subject-matter, because they were the topics of the day. With Cowper poetry was as much a means as an end: "*facit indignatio versum*." The poetic impulse in him was far less strong than in Pope; the moral one much stronger. Of Pope we may say, "*materiam superabat opus*;" of Cowper, the reverse. His versification is careless without being easy, and rough without being vigorous. But we feel in every page the inestimable advantage of his moral superiority, which goes far to outweigh even the matchless elegance of his predecessor.

Another charge brought against Pope, and repeated in stronger terms than ever by Mr. Elwin, is that he was prurient and indelicate. Here, too, we trace the influence of his age and his associates. Of feeble health and deformed person, circumstances had thrown him into the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the profligate. Instead of being estranged from it, he adopted himself into it, and sought to catch its tone and spirit. In doing this he was sure

to run into extremes, or make mistakes of some kind. A man who really practises profligacy at least scorns to dwell upon it, or to indulge in those unctuous inuendoes peculiar to Low Church clergymen in the society of middle-aged widows. But Pope hovers about the subject with the fidgety restlessness of one who is afraid if he does not remind you that you will forget his pretensions to gallantry. Yet something must undoubtedly be set down to the coarseness of the age in which he lived. Nor can we quite take in all that Mr. Elwin says of Arabella Fermor, the heroine of the "Rape of the Lock." That Pope gave offence instead of pleasure to both herself and her family by the poem may be quite true, though there is evidence to the contrary; and so did Tennyson give offence to the head waiter at the Cock by Will Waterproof's Monologue. But it was for the liberty taken, not for the description given. "He (Pope) made Belinda the subject of some gross double meanings, which provoked the ribald comments of the critics; and unless a morbid love of notoriety had extinguished feminine purity, she must have been deeply outraged by being associated with these licentious allusions." (Vol. ii. p. 121.) As Mr. Elwin says that the critics did make these comments, they doubtless did; but the "double meanings" of which anything ribald could be made without doing violence to the sense are very few, nor are we absolutely sure of more than one line which we can believe Pope to have meant as a "*double entendre*," and even that is so much in the tone of the modish conversation of the day, and so veiled by the mock-heroic atmosphere of the whole passage, that we should feel very doubtful of its power to deeply outrage a young lady who was conversant with the Court of Queen Anne, and whose standard of decorum must have been much about the same as that of the beautiful maids of honour who twenty years later figure in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Both the tone of the age and the particular com-

pany which he affected exaggerated the natural effects of the artificial hothouse kind of life which Pope always led; and his very weakness turned him to prurience, as it has done other men to piety.

But in comparing the two characters of Pope and Cowper we are conscious of a strongly-marked difference between them of another kind than any that has yet been mentioned. Cowper was a gentleman, a thorough gentleman, both by birth, education, and natural disposition; Pope was not. The difference is one to be felt, not defined. What other people call prurience and indecency, we should often set down to want of taste. For if there is one surer test of a gentleman than another it is his mode of handling topics of this nature. A public-school and university education would have done Pope incalculable good. He would have learned no evil there which he did not learn afterwards in the world, while with the bane he would likewise have got the antidote. There is at school and college, even at their worst, a frank and manly tone, a healthy ideal of life, a robust appreciation of truth and falsehood, sincerity and affectation, refinement and vulgarity, which exercise a peculiarly wholesome influence over such characters as Pope. Without sisters or brothers to correct his morbid tendencies; without the physical strength perhaps to endure a large school; self-educated, self-conscious, spoiled, petted, and vain, the son of the retired linendraper is thrown early into a circle of eminent patricians, whose genius shed a lustre upon vice, and whose *savoir vivre* it became his darling object to acquire, whatever the inevitable result. He never became more than a parody on the man of wit and pleasure; and herein we believe lies the explanation of much that Mr. Elwin complains of in both the "Rape of the Lock" and "Eloisa to Abelard." There is a freemasonry in these things as in everything else. All conversation on such topics is a wrong kind of conversation, but of its kind it may be good or bad, like murder. And should a bagman

overhear a company of gentlemen discussing womankind without reserve, and then strike in and try to imitate them, how grossly offensive he would make himself! Something of the same kind was Pope's imitation of Bolingbroke. We cannot help picturing to ourselves Cowper as he was in his earlier and unclouded days, when he drank punch with Thurlow, wrote squibs for the *Connoisseur*, and supped at the Nonsense Club with Lloyd and Colman; and considering how he would have handled such topics, he must have been, we should think, as delightful a talker as Addison, and as genial a comrade as Steele. Above all, we may be sure he was thoroughly simple and natural, thoroughly pure and cleanly both in mind and body, and able, as a gentleman should be, to touch pitch without being defiled. In several of these respects what a marked contrast to Pope!

We have already pointed out, however, that Cowper was favoured by his age. Had the England of 1780 been the same as the England of 1730, we should hardly have ridden out the great storm which followed. But it was not so. In politics, in literature, in religion, and in private life, greater earnestness, disinterestedness, purity and simplicity, were everywhere perceptible. There was plenty of hypocrisy, selfishness, and sensuality still left to employ the pen of a satirist, and when will there not be? But the tide had turned. The highest places were everywhere held by men in whom morality was not another name for mediocrity. People were fighting for realities. And the poet of the day was naturally moulded by these influences. He was a better man and a better bred man than Pope. But then it is utterly idle to contend that he came within leagues of him as a poet. It is in prose that we must look for the characteristic excellence of Cowper. Our own opinion is that, had he taken to prose, he might have rivalled the *Spectator*, as if Addison had taken to poetry he might have equalled the "Task." Cowper's humour is pure and playful. His

style is a model of unlaboured elegance. His letters are marked by all that fresh, healthy simplicity which at once proclaims the English gentleman; so different from the scent and the rouge, the studied leer and the practised shrug, which everywhere greet us in Pope. What has been said of Addison, and even of Horace, is equally applicable to Cowper. Had he written a novel, the world would have hung on it with rapture. Nature meant him to be the novelist of his age. Had he escaped those mysterious visitations which flung so dark a cloud over his blameless life; had he been fortunate in his early love; and for the unnatural petting of a female coterie, in which he resembled Richardson, experienced the manly happiness of married life and the rational pleasures of general society, he would have given us pictures of manners and portraits of character to which we doubt if anything we now have in literature would have been considered equal. We might then have had a Tom Jones and a Humphrey Clinker which women could read without a shudder: a Sir Charles Grandison, a Clarissa, and a Pamela which men could read without a sneer. We should have had in fact a masculine Miss Austen. "*Disaliter visum*." Disappointed affection became first despondency, and then despair; despair led him to religion, and religion took him from the world. His beautiful hymn upon Retirement expressed, we may be sure, the normal condition of his mind.

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seen by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise."

And it ought likewise to be said that in being what he was Cowper was more truly the representative of his own age than if he had been what we have fancied. He was the poet of the religious or enthusiastic reaction, as Pope was the poet of the sceptical or common-sense reaction. Cowper indeed only represented half of this—the theological. Political rationalism was created by the Whigs. And there was no reaction in Cowper's mind against Whiggery. He was true to his family creed; believed in Fox's India Bill, compared George the Third to Charles the First, and abused Mr. Pitt for being false to the principles of his father. The combination is rather remarkable, a *spirituelle* Whig being a decided rarity. But politics with Cowper were a mere tradition. On the really earnest side of his nature he was thoroughly in accordance with his age.

Of Pope, too, it may be proper to remark that the spirit of which he was the exponent in literature was represented in politics and divinity not by Atterbury and Wyndham, but by Tillotson and Walpole; and that while Cowper's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Tory, Pope's political friendships, had they corresponded to his moral nature, ought to have been Whig.

As a poet Cowper's place is fixed. We allow his moral superiority to the other great poet of the century. We love him better than it is possible to love Pope. But he had neither Pope's imagination nor yet his intellectual power. He has a tender plaintive note as he sings about his mother's picture, or sits among the ruins of the poplar grove,

"And thinks of the frailty of man and his joys."

But his bursts of moral indignation, though they possess the enormous advantage of being more sincere than Pope's, will never be remembered like his; while in those passages where he is in earnest, Pope is as far ahead of Cowper as Milton is of Pope. To

repeat what we have said in other words, poetry by Cowper was pressed into the service of morals, while morals by Pope were pressed into the service of poetry. What we mean is, that we can conceive the one not having written as a poet at all, unless prompted to it by the influence of retirement and meditation. Of the other we cannot conceive this. We can imagine poetry with Cowper having remained in the potential stage. We know at what an early day with Pope it passed into the actual. Whatever had been the dominant ideas of his epoch, he would have approached them with poetical intentions; and the whole strength of his nature would have been expended on the task. With Cowper this was not so; and though his literary career was a faithful reflection of some of the leading characteristics of his own times, we doubt if it is upon the whole the most favourable reflection of himself.

It is remarkable that four of the leading literary men of the last century should have formed exceptional relations with women; Swift, Pope, Richardson, and Cowper. Of these Richardson's only seem to have had no tinge of romance in them. Of Swift's we shall say nothing. But it is still a moot point whether Pope made love to the Blounts, and whether Cowper made love to Lady Austen. And moot points these will probably remain for ever. Both lived on terms of exceptional intimacy with women of considerable attractions, both personal and mental. Pope quarrelled with his Teresa, and Cowper quarrelled with his Anna. Mrs. Unwin grew jealous of Lady Austen, and Martha Blount grew jealous of her sister. But the part which in each of these cases was played by the poet remains doubtful. Scandal has said the worst of Pope's intimacy with both the sisters. The latest editor of Cowper, Mr. Benham, believes that he was guilty of paying attentions to Lady Austen, which could only have one meaning; that for fear of offending Mrs. Unwin, his oldest and kindest friend, he abandoned all

design of marriage; and that Lady Austen left the field in chagrin: not certainly unnatural. Southey, on the contrary, ridicules this story, and thinks it impossible Lady Austen could have wanted to marry a man turned of fifty. But this is rather a severe view of two score years and ten. Lady Austen was a widow. We don't know when she was born. But we do know when she died; and that was in 1802, only eighteen years after she left Olney. Unless therefore she died in middle age, which is not recorded, she could not have been so much younger than Cowper as to have made their ages unsuitable. Say she was five or six and thirty, she would not have been the first woman of that age by hundreds who had married a man of fifty-three, and married him from pure affection. Be this however as it may, the coincidence remains: the curious fact that neither Pope, Swift, nor Cowper were exactly on ordinary terms with the other sex; that each formed sentimental attachments which some have called Platonic, and some otherwise; and that each quarrelled with, and is said to have ill-treated, the woman who was fond of him.

Of the care and labour expended on both of these editions it would be difficult to speak too highly. Every source of information has been explored, every commentator has been consulted, and the ultimate conclusions at which Mr. Elwin has arrived attest, generally speaking, the soundness of his judgment as much as the extent of his research.

The last volume published, which contains the correspondence between Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and Gay, shows a quick perception of character, and a thorough knowledge of the period. A remark on Lord Bolingbroke at page 328 struck us as particularly good. "He was much too passionate for philoso-

phical speculation. The best metaphysics roused his anger at the first approach, and he stormed against doctrines he had not the patience to comprehend." This remark applies both to his metaphysical and his theological scepticism. The same even has been enforced at greater length by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, Oct. 1865, who observes of his scepticism, that "it arose not from conviction, but from feeling; not from research, but from impatience;" and also points out that even to understand what the scholastic philosophy means requires an early and accurate training to it, which Bolingbroke never had, and the want of which can never be repaired in middle age. His political annotations are perhaps Mr. Elwin's weakest point. For instance, many readers not acquainted with the peculiar state of politics in 1730 would be considerably startled at finding that Swift always called himself a Whig. The meaning of this can only be understood by reference to the "Dissertation on Parties," in which Bolingbroke makes out that Ministers were violating the Constitution, and that opposition in protesting against corruption was not protesting against arbitrary power in another form; hence it was not unfrequent for the Tory party at the time to hold the same language about themselves as Swift held. Their opposition to "management" was like the Whig opposition to prerogative. A few little omissions of this kind we have detected; but very few. And if we add that we think the general tone of Mr. Elwin's remarks both on poor Pope and his associates might be softened with advantage, we have exhausted hostile criticism. Mr. Thackeray's estimate of the brilliant intellectual circle which surrounded Pope, the

"Chief out of war and statesman out of place,"

is more to our liking than Mr. Elwin's, whose revenge seems rather artificial

PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

III.

EDUCATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WHEN I was a young man, the part of my landed property which most interested me was a considerable extent of moor, or as it is called here, without any regard to elevation, mountain, which was pretty well stocked with grouse.

It is a district which ought not to be populous, and its soil pays ill for cultivation; but the unhappy legislation which made leases of the value of forty shillings a year give a vote for the county representative, had led my forefathers to encourage subdivision to such a degree, that instead of five or six substantial tenants I found nearly half as many hundred. That they were poor I need not say. But they paid their rents duly, and were a more civilized folk than under the circumstances, and in a very remote corner of a very remote county, could be expected.

One trait I will mention which both surprised and pleased me much.

There is no village, much less a town, within many miles of them. The position is far from the proprietor's residence, and sixty years ago, and before it, there was no idea of taking any care for the education of these people.

But, poor and ill-circumstanced as they were, they had spirit and energy to provide for the education of their children; and their custom was, under the advice of the priest to whose communion they all belonged, to depute one or two of the most trusted among them to go into the more civilized parts and engage a teacher to come for two years, and teach all the children from

four or five years old to ten or twelve, generally alternately a male and a female teacher, so that occasionally the girls might learn to sew. The teacher lived from house to house, and was well cared for, and was paid a salary too. A curious assortment of books was provided. There was no school-house, but in summer a barn, and in winter a kitchen in one of the larger cabins, gave a place of education. There was then an interval of about four years, and again a couple of years of education. The result was that a greater proportion of intelligent readers and intelligible writers was to be found among these people than I think is to be found in most districts well provided with regular schools. Care has long since been taken to have means of education brought to their doors, but I question if it is as much valued or as effectual as the ruder method of a former time. In education, as much or more than in other departments, the endeavour to force forward improvement will always be a failure. It requires patient perseverance to lead a population to progress, and those who have tried it have found how severely tried that patience generally is; for the heart that earnestly desires the improvement of a people would fain see a rapid advance—and there seems no reasonable reason why the advance should not be rapid, the means and opportunity being brought to the people's door, and urged upon their acceptance for their own weal. But so it is. He that would be an improver of his race must wait, and watch, and work, and then wait, watch, and work on. So he will at last make some pro-

gress—sure, if slow ; but that progress, which is imperceptible as it goes on, like the hour-hand of a watch, will in the long-run make itself seen and felt. Perhaps nothing has tended more to retard Ireland's advance than the comparison suggested by the vicinity of countries more advanced, and the consequent efforts to bring Ireland *speedily* into as satisfactory a condition. Efforts well meant—devotedly carried on, but too impatiently—and the consequent failure, have disheartened many who truly desire Ireland's prosperity, but who, looking at these failures and judging too hastily and harshly those so slow to take up new ideas and operations, have overlooked the errors of those whose mistaken enthusiasm expected to do what cannot be done.

IV.

THE FAMINE OF 1846 AND FOLLOWING YEARS.

TERRIBLE as the word Famine is in itself, and trebly terrible to anyone who has witnessed its progress and its ghastly consequences—still that famine did not fail to bring out some traits of character which have left *pleasant* remembrances.

This district is on the western coast—the side of Ireland which suffered most—but our people, nevertheless, did not suffer as much as in some other parts. Still it was terrible.

The Government was taken aback, and seemed not to know what to do. Apathy and spasmodic action alternated, and the result was that those landlords who did least came off best.

A person having property in two parishes found fellow-landlords in one of them who united to meet the Government proposal that their contribution for the relief of the sufferers should be met by an equal sum. Several hundred pounds were raised, and augmented by as much from the Government ; so far good.

In the other parish the proprietors declined to join him in raising a sum, and the destitution was altogether met

by the Government alone. These both were only temporary measures, and did not involve large outlay, merely stopping absolute starvation till plans could be formed to meet the emergency.

Then road-making was resorted to, and loans which were not at the choice of the borrowers to take or decline.

The roads were laid out by officials, who paid little regard to the mischief they did by running the roads through the fields, or to the probable usefulness of the roads if finished, or to the prospect of their ever being completed, which very many never have been to this day.

One instance is before me. An estate had been lately relet to tenants, the farms and fields laid out square and fenced. The omnipotent officials laid out a road diagonally through the lands, cutting both farms and fields into triangles, and leaving the landlord no redress to his expostulations, no alternative but such as would deprive the destitute in that neighbourhood of the prospect of earning a living. The road begins in a field and ends in a field ; there is no access to it at either end. By cuttings and fittings it makes a permanent hindrance to tillage, and abides to this day one of hundreds of the monuments to *red tape* in the Irish famine.

Having a property in a district which is divided among several proprietors, who did not all make any effort to maintain the people—it was in vain at first for a few to do so, as, besides maintaining the destitute, or those likely to become so on their own estates, they were chargeable with the maintenance of those on all the others—we were therefore compelled to accept a loan from Government to open charity stores and soup kitchens for gratuitous distribution to the destitute.

Soon after this a few of us borrowed each several thousand pounds from the Government, and began extensive land improvement works under the Board of Works ; employing not only the poor on our own properties—who were by no means numerous—but all without distinction.

This soon caused a great reduction in the application for relief from the poor-rates—upon which the previous loan was charged—and immediately a demand was made for *repayment* of the money advanced a few months before.

I represented that we could not *then* commence repayment, and was answered that the rule was that, when a district had only a certain amount of rate called for to support its poor, it should at once repay the advance.

I replied that the only cause of the diminution of poor-rate was that a few proprietors in the district had borrowed money from the Government, and were employing the poor on all the estates; that it was plain that we had no means to repay the late advance, or we should not be borrowers, and still less could our tenants, in the midst of famine, do so.

The answer was that such was the rule.

I replied, if I pay this demand, it must be out of the funds with which I am employing the poor, and I must discharge about a hundred persons, who will be driven, some on the rates and some to die.

The repayment was insisted on immediately. The poor were discharged of necessity, and I am certain death was the consequence in several cases.

One of the *reddest* cases of *tapeism* did not end in so sad a way, but was a curious instance of the system, while it brought out a bright instance of Irish character.

All the destitute within a certain distance of a road which was making under Government officials were appointed to work at it.

The Ordnance map had not the mountain elevations then marked, which I suppose is the excuse for the clerk at his desk, who included in the list of persons (women as well as men) who were to work at this road, the inhabitants of valleys separated from it by mountain ranges.

However, these poor people did put in an appearance at the required place, and those who lived nearer came and worked at it.

At the end of the week they expected to be paid; but no paymaster appeared.

It was Saturday evening, and I think Christmas eve, when, happening to be in the little town of D—, I saw a crowd of hungry-looking mortals ankle deep in the snow, surrounding the Government official, a young artillery officer, who was endeavouring to pacify them.

They were the workers at this road, which was five or six miles off, and they had come to him as the ostensible manager of the concern.

He was in great trouble—deeply moved with pity—"but," said he, "what can I do? I must send up the accounts of all the roads to the Office in Dublin. I have to make them up after I receive them from the various overseers, which will take time; and I shall receive orders to draw the money and pay the people probably by this day week."

A groan rose from the crowd: "This day week! We were destitute a week ago; we have struggled through the week working on starvation" (and their faces showed it), "and now we are to wait another week. Oh-oh-oh!"

"Good God, sir," said the officer, "what can I do? It is really terrible."

After a minute's thought I said, "I see a way through it. I will pay the men, and when the money comes you can just hand it to me."

"God bless you, sir," replied he. And I verily think he was as thankful as any of the poor hungry souls before us.

I managed to borrow from the shops in the town about forty pounds, as near as I remember, and sent the poor fellows away contented, though many had ten weary miles through the snow to their homes.

Three days after I went to the officer, who met me with a doleful face.

"I don't know," said he, "how to look at you; I have got into a sad scrape myself, but I chiefly regret having drawn you into it too. I have orders *not* to pay you your advance, but to pay each labourer; and my application to have the pay sent down each week is refused, and I am reprimanded for

the 'irregularity' of our proceedings on Saturday! So you see the poor fellows can't, if they would, desire me to give it to you, nor can they hand it to you when they get it, for I shall not have it for them till Saturday, and then another week is due."

Remonstrance was in vain; the Government never repaid me.

But I was repaid with that interest which is invaluable to one who loves and respects his poor neighbours.

They could not, as was plain, repay me at once; but these poor fellows appointed one of themselves, who each pay day took an appointed proportion from each, and handed it to me. So that all those who lived through the work repaid me in full. Some failed, having died very soon after this occurrence, and a few fell off from the work and only paid part, but fully seven-eighths of the sum advanced was repaid with every expression of gratitude.

The deaths from actual immediate starvation were few that came to my knowledge. It was the effect of long privation in breaking down the constitution that was so fatal.

One of the saddest cases of death from famine was in a family of a small tenant not far from me. He had several children. They and his wife seemed to support the privation tolerably, but the father was failing fast—a hale, middle-aged man, and one who would make every effort, submit to every hardship, rather than go upon the rates.

He died. The doctor said nothing ailed him that he should die, and it was known that his little store of potatoes was not quite exhausted. He and his family were seen making a scanty meal of them daily. The doctor made an examination to discover his malady, and found that he was full of indigestible potato-skins, of which he had been in the habit of making his meals—giving the inside to his loved ones.

One of the good effects of the famine was—in this district at least—to draw

together all the educated and wealthier part of the people—parson, priest, landlord, merchant. And the individual knowledge of the priests among the poorer portion made their hearty aid doubly valuable.

After the famine was over, though we were still smarting from the wound, the Government sent some gentlemen round the country (I do not remember under what designation) to inquire into the state of the people.

One of these officers came to me, and saying that my name having been mentioned in the report of the Board of Works, he begged of me to allow him to make use of me in his investigation.

Among other things, he asked me if, among the many labourers he saw I still had at work, I could show him one, not living on my land, who had worked with me steadily through the three bad years, 1846-7-8, and begged of me to let him speak to the man without my interfering at all.

We went to my farm, and I pointed out such a man to him.

He accosted him. The man rested on his spade and returned his salute.

"How long have you been working here?"

"Pretty regular these three years, sir."

"How much are your wages?"

"Why, sir, you see, we work all by measure. Tenpence a day used to be the pay."

"And is that what you can make now?"

"Oh no, sir. If we work as much as the leading squad, whose work sets the price of whatever is doing, we get eighteenpence. But I have a bit of land, and it suits me and the rest of us to work by measure, for we can come and go as it is convenient, and need not leave our little industry at home behind. But I and my son work here pretty regular, and generally have twelve or fourteen shillings a week to take home with us."

"Did you ever get any of the relief meal?"

"Is it the charity meal that they

gave to them that were starving? No, sir, I thank God I never did."

"Did any of your neighbours get any of that meal?"

"Well, I suppose they did."

"Why did they prefer that to coming to work?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It's nothing to me. They might have come if they'd liked, for the work was open to all."

"Maybe they got more by the way they took. How many of a family have you?"

"Nine of us, sir, altogether."

"Could you think of any neighbour who got the charity meal, who had about as many?"

"Just as many. I do know of such a one."

"Now do you know how much worth of meal his allowance was weekly for nine people?"

"To be sure I don't. What's it to me?"

"Well, I will tell you." (And taking out his pencil and pocket-book, he calculated the quantity and price.) "Just one or two shillings worth more than you got by working. So which do you think was best off—you and yours, or he and his?"

My man looked very indignant, and was silent for a minute, and then said, "Ay, poor fellow, he might have more meat in his belly, but can he have the soul of a man left in him?"

And he turned abruptly away to his work.

The inquirer said to me, "I would gladly have come all the way from London to hear that fine fellow's words. He has a sense of what he is saved from by the opportunity of earning his support, and by the manliness to choose the earned bread rather than the gratuitous. I daresay there are many others who would give nearly the same answers?"

I assured him that such was my belief.

Then I followed my man to speak to him. He accosted me gruffly. "I wonder, sir, what made you bring that Englishman here to insult us; the way he talked about us taking the charity meal!"

But when I explained the matter to him, he said, "Well, then, I'll forgive him. But he needn't think too hardly of them that took it. There's many a one, besides a poor labouring man, that would be tempted if he'd be offered more for idling than working. Only I thank God I did earn all I got, and with His blessing I will do so."

This is one of the very many instances in which the poor peasantry show a character which commands respect much more than it excites compassion.

Unfortunately the violent, hot-headed, misled, or the broken-spirited, pauperized, beggarly portion of the population, being naturally in the position to attract most attention, have been taken as the samples of Irish peasantry. This has occasioned scant respect to be shown or felt towards the mass of the people; and it must be confessed that the want of respect shown even by benefactors, who exhibit pity and benevolence enough, has tended to lower the respectability of the people.

If these reminiscences shall lead some of their readers to believe in the existence of a high, noble, virtuous spirit in my poorer fellow-countrymen, and to respect them accordingly, I shall be thankful to have been able thus to discharge a little of the debt of obligation to those among whom I have lived so long, and whose kindly and neighbourly intercourse and behaviour not merely makes me their friend, but makes me proud to call them my friends.

To be continued.

DER RUHM,

OR THE WRECK OF GERMAN UNITY.

THE NARRATIVE OF A BRANDENBURGER HAUPTMANN.

HE was grinding the dusty gravel on the side walk of a Strasse near the Potsdam Bahnhof—a tall, lean old man with a snow-white beard. His step was feeble and tottering, and his shoulders were bent; yet in the carriage of the old man was something that told he had been a soldier. As he came short right about and mechanically straightened himself when I spoke to him, it seemed possible for me to believe what the drosky driver had said, as I yesterday drove past the gaunt old promenader: "Old white-beard there is Hauptmann von Scharzhoff, the first man into Flavigny the day of the Schlacht bei Vionville in the old war of eighteen hundred and seventy."

The methodically-courteous Hauptmann was ready with his "Ich habe die Ehre" when I handed him the card which was my letter of introduction; and we fell easily into talk. He was Hauptmann no longer, he said, and he would rather not be thus addressed. "Yes, Potsdam was a pleasant town, and there was the drill-ground close by, no doubt; but he did not care to see drilling now, and the pavements were very bad." Such was his talk—of trivialities with a dash of regretful sadness through it; but of the past the old man was very wary. The ice in that direction seemed very thin, and he could not find it in his heart to trust himself on it.

Now and then his eye brightened and a light came into his sad face as a boy or a girl came romping out of the house with a cheery salute for "der Grossvater."

"Carl," he cried to a bright boy of fourteen who came out holding in the palm of his hand something at which

he was gazing curiously; "Carl, dear boy, what hast thou there?"

"I know not, Grossvater; I found it in the bottom of your old chest—it is a little black cross edged with white, and in the middle has the letter W, with 1870 below it. See; tell me, I pray you, what the little thing is."

It was painful to see the old man. The red blood rushed into his withered face, as with flashing eye he reared his head and threw back his shoulders. From between the parted lips came as if involuntary the words "Gott im Himmel—das eiserne Kreuz!" He clutched it from the boy, and gazed on it with a look of such proud wistfulness; and then his face broke and the tears began to drop on the bit of iron. Just then a grandchild-girl in the garden began to sing an old nearly forgotten *Lied*, "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"

"Ach mein Gott, mein Gott, will you tear me to pieces, then, my children? you are stabbing me to the quick with worse than knives." And then in his extremity the old warrior took to swearing quaint passionate oaths of the Lager and the bivouac; for in truth he was deeply moved, and emotion in military men has a trick of working itself off in such language as that to which our troops were addicted in Flanders.

His grandchildren hung about him in penitent, bewildered concern. I put in a word where there seemed an opportune chance, and at length the old man became comparatively calm. Curious to say, garrulity succeeded the spasm of emotion, and the old soldier seemed eager to speak on the very topics which he had disappointed me by shunning. The sluice-gate of reticence was raised.

The grandchildren and myself followed him into the arbour at the bottom of the garden, where we all seated ourselves; and then the GrossvaterHauptmann, having taken his pipe from Carl in token of reconciliation, began a long and surely not uneventful history.

"No wonder," said he, "that the sight of that Iron Cross moved me. It reached me on the very day of the culmination of German ascendancy and unity; on the very day on which Wilhelm—you have heard of Kaiser Wilhelm, my children—accepted the dignity of Emperor of 'Germany. The old man stood there in the Salle des Glaces in the Schloss at Versailles, the successor of 'der alter Barbarossa,' with Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Würtembergers, with representatives of all Germany cheering for him and for German Unity. Presently the war was finished and the real work of unification was commenced. Ah, what a man was that Bismarck—the first, and the last but one, Chancellor of the German Empire! A pitiless, clever, plotting, daring, bluff man, with a mind like a vice, a will like a sledge-hammer, a heart like a flintstone. And Bismarck was honest, too; he had no self-seeking; he was the most capable of administrators; and the meaning and aim of his life was to achieve and consummate German Unity.

"For my part I wished for peace, and for lasting peace, for what more could war bring me than the Iron Cross; and had I not a wife and children? It gladdened me, then, that when on his way home from the war Bismarck, in reply to a Frankfort citizen, said in his bluff off-hand way, that Germany would make no more war while he and the citizen lived. Then came the triumphal entry into Berlin, of which you may read in Treskow's or Wickede's histories. It was a gallant spectacle truly, and there were emblems of peace; and all the people, while hailing the war victors, seemed so joyous because there was once more peace, that when I returned at night to my bivouac on the Kreuzberg, my heart was serene within

me, to think of years to come when, with your grandmother in our happy home, I should till those acres of which you may have heard your father speak. I laughed at that croaking foreboder Feldwebel Schmidt, who had been gloomy ever since he buried his last brother under the garden wall at Artenay. In the gladness of my heart I bade him drink a glass to the future of Germany. Schmidt tossed off the Brantwein,—he never refused drink,—but as he put down the glass, his sententious words were, 'Ach, Herr Hauptmann, zum Teufel! der Ruhm is getting into the head of Germania.' I thought the cognac had got into Schmidt's head, and bade him go to the devil for an old raven.

"We left the Kreuzberg and went into quarters here in Potsdam. There seemed an universal breathing of peace and prosperity. Old Kaiser Wilhelm was bluff, fresh, and hearty as if he had taken a fresh lease of life. I went into the Reserve and took to farming, never thinking that I should have to buckle on sabre more. Miraculous Bismarck, appointed by the Reichstag to a seemingly irresponsible dictatorship over Alsace and Lorraine, was reported to be regenerating these provinces into a Germanhood which was almost enthusiastic. Alexander of Russia, stirred from his misanthropical apathy by the intensity of his admiration for his uncle Kaiser Wilhelm, almost lived in Germany, drinking the waters at Ems, attending reviews at Berlin, Königsberg, or Breslau, and striving to have everything in Russia moulded after the German pattern. King Ludwig of Bavaria, King Johann of Saxony, stupid Karl of Würtemberg, were all in Berlin at one time, and the Court festivities were the talk of Europe. Bismarck stalked along the alleys of the Thiergarten, making the leaves quiver with his stentorian laugh; to see and hear him you would think him a man whose life was a holiday. But somehow events seemed to ripen toward his consummation of a Pan-Germanic union. One morning it was quietly announced that Luxemburg was now a

portion of the German Empire. France was too much in the mire to do more than make a plaintive remonstrance, to which Bismarck did not take the trouble to reply. I remember England talked rather big on the subject. The *National Zeitung* quoted a bullying article from the *Times*, which was, as it is still, I suppose, the leading journal in England, and followed the quotation with a truculent comment (reported to be inspired), reviving the dormant cry for an immediate cession of Heligoland, and asking England how she would like to see a couple of German army corps marching on London. Somehow the bother died out. England's chief Minister in those days was one Gladstone—I heard he was afterwards made a Lord—a man whose measure was taken in Germany as one whose turn for economy was so strong as to blind him to the fact that to fight is sometimes the cheapest thing that a nation can do. So we had Luxemburg without a drop of blood; and then there came first hints, and then outspoken assertions in the press and elsewhere, that Holland was as much German as Luxemburg, and that the German Empire must have an eligible sea-board. And we were not allowed to forget that elsewhere there were Germans who were not of the German unity, nor under the sway of the *Deutsches Kaiserreich*. The newspapers never ceased writing of the nine million Germans in Cisleithan Austria, who panted to be incorporated in the German unity, and some of the journals were so free in their reproaches against Bismarck for not having emancipated these our brethren in the settlement of 'six-and-sixty,' that men not behind the scenes wondered at the licence accorded to them. Meanwhile, the military organization of the Empire was continually being strengthened and improved. Moltke—you have all heard of Moltke, surely—was getting very feeble, but he still worked hard; and his right-hand man was a General Göben, who was said to have distinguished himself much in the Amiens campaign of the 1870 war. I met Schmidt

at one of the annual trainings to which all the German troops were subjected in those days; and I jeered him about his forebodings respecting 'der Ruhm.' 'Herr Hauptmann,' replied Schmidt, with a wag of his bullet-head, 'the air is thick with clamours for more Ruhm; be sure you have a good Vogt.'

"Croaking Schmidt was a true prophet, with a murrain to him. Gortschakoff—that was misanthropically-apathetic Alexander of Russia's right-hand man—and our Bismarck had not been gossiping together for nothing in the shady walks of the Kursaal garden at Ems. Gortschakoff in his master's name suddenly picked a quarrel with Turkey, a territory in those days nominally Mahommedan and ruled over by a certain Sultan Abdul Aziz—he and his have long disappeared from history into infinite space. The Slavonic element was, however, strong in Turkey and in its nominal or quasi-nominal dependencies; and Russia, the Pan-Slavonic champion, made Pan-Slavism one of her pretexts for the aggression. Turkey fought, for though sick nigh unto death, there was fight in the Moslem to the last gasp; and he cried aloud unto Western Europe for succour, basing his demands on the articles of the 'Treaty of Paris' which constituted the settlement after the Crimean War. But it seemed there had been a certain 'London Conference' in 1871, the terms agreed to at which left Western Europe a hole through which to creep out of the obligations of the 'Treaty of Paris.' France had no power to succour, had she been ever so inclined. The nation of Britain was very pugnacious in print and at public meetings. A well-known diplomatist of those days, one Odo Russell, declared point-blank that England must fight Russia in this quarrel, if she fought single-handed; and his single-sighted bluntness drove him for a time out of the public service. Gladstone, who was still England's Prime Minister, had no fight in him. It was not his line. He avoided fighting on various pretexts: all Europe, he

contended, was equally with England bound to fight; and if none of the rest of Europe regarded the treaty-obligations, why should they be binding on England? But the London Conference had weakened the treaty-obligations, so that they were only binding in certain contingencies which had not arisen. Treaty-obligations, as he finally expressed himself with much periphrase, had come in those days to be things of expediency, to be held binding or not binding as best suited the exigency of statesmanship. In short, England would not make nor meddle in the *mêlée*. It was said at the time that England had the cue from Prussia that it was best to leave this chestnut to toast on the hob, and it was left accordingly. But Austria could not keep out of the fray, if she were to exist at all. The essence of her being had come to be Slavonic. From Saxony after six-and-sixty there came to Austria one Beust,—a clear-sighted, yet not penetrating statesman. He, accepting as inevitable the consummation of German Unity, had accepted as equally inevitable the loss to Austria of her nine million German subjects in Cisleithania, and had thenceforward concentrated himself on conciliating Hungary to the Hapsburgs—Hungary the Slavonic. But Russia's Pan-Slavonic assertions manifestly threatened Slavonic Hungary, and Austria had to fight for even a fragmentary existence. It was when Austria was buying horses fiercely and calling out her *Landwehr*, that Schmidt's warning came home to me among my corn-fields. An order came out from Göben—Moltke by this time, although still alive, was a *kindische Greis*—for the reserve to be called up quietly, and everything to be put in readiness for war at an hour's notice. Then there was a scene between Kaiser Wilhelm and the Austrian ambassador at Berlin; the Berliners afterwards spoke familiarly of the Austrian ambassador as 'Benne-dettig'—and next morning the German Empire declared war against Austria.

"The war lasted longer than was at first expected. Austria made a gallant

fight of it with us; but the chief retardment of victory was caused by the obstinate resistance of the Turks. The Russians had hard work with them, and Kaiser Wilhelm had to march an army to Constantinople. The old man died there—I may say in his boots, for he had not two days' illness. Of the military operations in this war I can tell you but little, for I had the charge of an Etappen Commando in one of our own frontier towns and saw none of the fighting. But I saw the *cortège* pass homeward with old Wilhelm's body, and his son Fritz, very mournful, with little Blumenthal by his side. Although there was no triumphal entry this time, on account of the national mourning, there was universal exultation over our victories, and 'der Ruhm' was in everybody's mouth. I remember well the day that Bismarck announced to the Reichstag the grand consummation of German Unity. The nine millions of Cisleithan Germans were now in the *Deutsches Kaiserreich*. Bismarck shed tears as he concluded his speech with an adaptation of Simeon's words—'Germania, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy Unity.' The same day he resigned all his offices; and Berlin saw the bluff set face of him no more. It was said that he and the new Emperor had never become reconciled after their quarrel in the Prefecture at Versailles.

"Emperor Fritz was not as Kaiser Wilhelm had been. Germany expected much of him, and with confidence: he disappointed her. There never was a more amiable man, and we had thought he had force of character too; but if he had this once, the scenes of earlier *Ruhm* through which he had passed had broken it down. He leant on Blumenthal—a waspish, rat-faced, keen little general, who had been the chief of his staff—with something approaching positive childishness. He was idling in the Schloss garden with his wife and children when old Wilhelm would have been in the saddle, or at the council board. A historian has drawn a parallel between him and Louis XVI. of France;

but Louis was a man exclusively of peace, whereas Fritz, although he did not like war, had no objection to gratify the natural craving for 'der Ruhm.' Blumenthal superseded Gûben, the selected of Moltke. And who was to succeed Bismarck? One party supported a certain Herr Buchner, who had been in his early days a pro-unity man when the cry of 'German Unity' was proscribed. He had been a refugee in England till Bismarck, with his intuitive appreciation of capable men who could wear muzzles, made him his secretary. Some men said that Bismarck in his later days was really Buchner; anyhow, Buchner came to the front after Bismarck retired, and was supported by most of the Kaiser Wilhelm party. But Fritz and Blumenthal carried their dislike of Bismarck to Buchner; and the new chancellor was one George von Bunsen, a son of that Baron Bunsen who was once so well known. He was a man of capacity, honesty, and enthusiasm, yet a dreamer in a mystic way; a man of the same gentle, dependent type as Emperor Fritz; a crony of his in garden-lounging, and an abstract lover of 'der Ruhm.'

"And there was another death about this time, that of the misanthropically-apatetic Kaiser Alexander of Russia, in whose stead ruled his son, also an Alexander, a man of a quite different character. Alexander III. was a Pan-Slavist of the Pan-Slavists, it is true; but he was a confirmed anti-German, and full of the recognition that German ascendancy in Europe was antagonistic to the modified Russian dominance which he desired. One of the new Alexander's first steps was to re-establish in Warsaw the Council of State for Russian Poland, abolished in 1867. He set himself assiduously to conciliate the Slavism of Poland, promising the resuscitation of the constitution abolished in 1830, and telling the Poles he wished to see their country not the Ireland but the Scotland of Russia. There was a wondrous stir and awakening throughout all Poland. Even in the Prussian annexes of the once great kingdom men

began to mutter and to talk of a resuscitated Poland. The rulers of Germany did not recognize this stir among the dry bones, or if they did, they did not think it worth heeding. The German newspapers, doubtless not without a hint, began to write about the non-consummation of German unity so long as the German-speaking middle and upper classes in Courland and Livonia still obeyed the Czar. There was nothing Russian at all, they contended, in these provinces; for while the better classes were chiefly German, the peasants were Letts, a race with no affinity to the Russ. From Russia, on the other hand, came startling arguments in favour of the re-establishment of Polish unity under the Czar's august auspices. 'Polish unity!' retorted the German Press, 'Why what was at one long-forgotten time Prussian Poland is now more German than Germany herself!' 'Fine reasoning,' came grimly back from Muscovy—'fine reasoning truly, when Polish is the language of the people right to the borders of Brandenburg; and when, spite of your earnest Germanizing, it is still Poznan, Gnezna, Gdansk, Grudzia and Cholmn, instead of Posen, Gnesen, Dantzie, Grandenz and Culm. Then as to long-forgotten time, you had not a scrap of Poland before 1772; and just bethink yourselves, O scrupulously logical Germans, that France had Alsace and Lorraine a century before that date!' So the battle of words, and very hard words, went on; not indeed between officialisms, but with officialisms plainly, although with a pretext of covertly standing behind the arguers.

"'Der Ruhm' by this time had come to be the watchword and the key-note of Germany. Emperor Fritz dallied in the Schloss garden with his wife and children, or looked over books and pictures with Von Bunsen. Blumenthal, the fighting man with the rat-face, ruled Kriegs-Ministerium, Army and Empire. While Russia and Germany were exchanging their cantankerous despatches, a clamour rose for explanations with England. England had been putting, it seemed, a row of

new coping-stones round the edge of an old battery on the bluff of Heligoland. England had been building a couple of ironclads for Russia. Prince George of England, married to a Danish bride, had been on a visit to Copenhagen, and rumour went that he had expressed an opinion in favour of strengthening the military forces of Denmark. 'Der Ruhm' demanded that England should take off the coping-stones, and say something diplomatic about the Prince's remarks. Nobody in Germany thought for a moment that England would refuse; she had been so complaisant, not to say obsequious, for ever so long, that it was taken for granted, if she were asked to send the coping-stones to the Arsenal in Unterden-Linden, she would not only comply, but pay the carriage.

"I remember how it was that I first heard of England's reply. There lived in Potsdam a young Englishman who got the *Times* regularly, and with whom I was very friendly. He was from Oxford, fellow of a collegium there. One morning he rushed into my chamber, and in his pleasant English way cried, 'Take down that old bread-knife of yours, Hauptmann, for there is to be another try for more "Ruhm"'—he and I often talked about the future of Germany. 'England says she will see Germany d—d before she takes down the coping-stones.' He went off the same afternoon to be 'in luck's way,' he said, if there was to be any fighting, for he belonged to the English Freiwilligen.

"Gladstone, the economic-peaceful man, was no longer, I must tell you, the Minister of England. He had been succeeded by a man of, I have heard, his own selection, but a man for all that of a very different stamp. Herr Goschen was a German by race and German too in character, after a fashion. Of a Dresden family—the house is still in good repute there—he had none of the rugged bluntness of the North German, and not a tittle of the ardour which is commoner in South Germany. But he was a man of quiet unemotional efficiency, with a

rare talent for planning and executing combinations which somehow were not talked of till the right time; and although his closeness both of mouth and of deed was un-English, yet he so understood the English character that he had brought the nation whose destinies he practically swayed into the belief that it was the wisest course not to bother and badger him with inopportune questionings. He had served in more than one subordinate position before he became Chief Minister, and knew of his own knowledge when things were right or wrong in the departments. I learnt all this afterwards, and was, I remember, particularly struck with the details of Herr Goschen's attention to the Navy. He had been himself Minister of Marine, and when he became Chief Minister he had entrusted his old office to a certain Herr Baxter, of whose capacities he had had experience. Goschen was not an aristocrat either by birth or leanings.

"The general opinion in Germany was that England's refusal to take down the Heligoland coping-stones was a *casus belli*, and an opening for more 'Ruhm.' Blumenthal, to do him justice, had not driven Moltke's system out of gear, and war preparations went on quietly but rapidly, while an ultimatum was on the road to England giving her a week to choose between the removal of the coping-stones and war. Meanwhile there were some unpleasant rumours current as to the designs of Russia, which hardly anybody heeded, unless to hint at more 'Ruhm' being obtainable from that source when a proper quantum had been exacted from England. But a really serious blow to German unity was dealt from the South. Discontent and caballing in that quarter had been vaguely hinted at for some time. King Albert of Saxony, who had succeeded John his father, was, although a Catholic, very popular, both in his own Protestant kingdom and in Württemberg, Protestant also. His Catholicism gave him consideration in Cisleithania and Bavaria, and it had been talked of how he was the

head secretly of a not-yet-perfectly-formal South German Confederacy, opposed to Prussian dominance in Pan-Germanic matters. These rumoured intestine troubles took shape and form in an ominous moment, and yet in a curiously constitutional manner. The ultimatum I have spoken of was despatched to England by Emperor Fritz through the Foreign Minister, without any communication with the Federal Council of the Empire. But it came to be remembered that although the Imperial Constitution vested it in the Emperor to declare war, he required the consent of the Federal Council of the Empire for the exercise of the right. The question was accordingly submitted by Chancellor Von Bunsen. Judge of the horror of North Germany when the Federal Council, by a majority of two, withheld its consent. It consisted of 58 votes, of which the Southern Confederacy held 26. It had only to secure four of the single-vote States to give it the clear majority, and intrigue managed that. So Emperor Fritz, Blumenthal, and 'der Ruhm' were outvoted.

"Here was a pretty fix. If England should reject the ultimatum, now that the Federal Council had negatived resort to the alternative, what a humiliation, what a sacrifice of 'der Ruhm'! How everybody prayed that England, if she did not knuckle down, should be hotly outspoken, and resenting the affront by a declaration of war on her part, so cut the knot and re-consolidate Germany into resistance. But Goschen was too astute for this. He simply said 'No' to the ultimatum, and serenely went to the opera the same night.

"We could not eat dirt, spite of the Southern Confederacy's machinations; so Emperor Fritz and Blumenthal declared war according to threat, having available for fighting purposes the military forces of Prussia, and determined to leave it to chance and the effects of another dose of 'der Ruhm' to settle for the violation of the Constitution and the use of the Federal fleet. Prussian tactics, since six-and-sixty, and before, had been

those of invasion, never of waiting to repel invasion. Britain is an island, and to invade it shipping had to be resorted to, a novelty in our warfare. The German fleet, the nucleus of which was formed by Prussia before the establishment of the Confederation, had been largely increased since the great war with France. A great slice of the war indemnity exacted from that country was spent in building ironclad ships of war of the newest and most formidable construction. At first it had been resolved to take out a portion of the indemnity in the picked vessels of the French ironclad fleet, but this design was departed from in consequence of reports from naval architects, chiefly British, that the French ironclads were so faulty in principle and construction as not to be worth making a bother to secure. When the war was over the German Government sent skilled men, with *carte blanche* as to cost, into the private building-yards of England, Scotland, and America. A great English naval architect, who had been disgusted out of the service of England, was enticed to Germany to take the superintendence of Germany's home naval dockyards; and by the time of which I am speaking, the Imperial fleet comprised upwards of twenty-five first-class ironclads. Owing, however, to the awkwardness of our seaboard, the fleet had a difficulty in concentrating. Some of the ships were in the Baltic, at Dantzic, Kiel, and Stralsund, while the larger vessels were for the most part in Kaiser Wilhelm's pet naval harbour of Wilhelmshafen, on the Bay of Jade, on the North Sea. The Kiel Canal did not admit of the passage of large ironclad ships between the Baltic and the North Sea: it had not been deepened in proportion to the increased draught of water of the new ships.

"By the day that war was formally declared, our Army Corps (the 3rd) had the bulk of it concentrated in and around Wilhelmshafen. The 10th (Hanoverian) Corps was at Bremerhafen; the Garde Corps at Hamburg; the 9th Corps (Schleswig-Holstein) in and around

Altona. These were the corps constituting the army of invasion, which after all deductions was to number 110,000 men. While we waited to embark, news came that that impudent little Denmark had suddenly declared war, and that her fleet was blockading Kiel and holding the Sound passage. A division of the 9th Corps, supported by another of the 7th (Westphalian) Corps, was sent up through Schleswig to chastise Denmark, and the other division of the 7th Corps supplied the place of the former in the army of invasion. Our means of transport consisted, first, of the ships of war; secondly, of the large North-German-Lloyd's ocean-steamers in port at Hamburg and Bremerhafen (built, as you may have heard, with a special aptitude for transport services); and thirdly, the merchant vessels found in these two ports, requisitioned, no matter of what nationality, for the service. With the latter there was much trouble and difficulty. The burghers of the old Hanse Towns were neither fond of the Empire nor of war; the shipowners were discontented because they had not got the compensation they sought out of the French war indemnity; the sailors ran away and disguised themselves; the foreign sailors, when their craft were requisitioned, struck point-blank, and Blumenthal had to order a little shooting to bring them to reason. Strange to say, not an English ship of war was visible all this time in the North Sea waters. Reports had been industriously circulated that the bulk of the German war navy was in the Baltic, and that it was from Dantzic that the invading expedition was to set forth. Large English ships had been reported passing the Sound, and a great fleet, Danish and English combined, had been signalled off Dars Point. We were glad then to believe that England had been led off on the false scent, and looked forward to experiencing but trifling opposition before sighting Harwich, which was to be the landing-point of ourselves and the Guards. The other moiety of the invading army was to land on the coast of Kent.

"Our rendezvous was off the island of Nordeney. My battalion was on board the *König Wilhelm*, one of the finest of our ironclads, but a slow sailer, for her bottom was said to be very foul. Her crew looked very landsmen-like. They wore campaigning boots, like my men, and seemed stiff and clumsy. Before I got sea-sick myself—and I was dreadfully bad—I noticed that many of them were sick too. We had an admiral on board; he wore spurs, and was one of the first sick. What a vast miscellaneous convoy there was! The big merchant steamers—most of them with half-a-dozen sailing vessels in tow, for the wind was not good—the sailing vessels bumping and splintering one upon another; the great ironclads yawing about like badly-bitted horses, now crashing into an unfortunate sailing ship, now in collision one with another; English requisitioned captains unable or refusing to understand German orders and signals, and so complicating the blundering; horses, guns, and waggons on deck, between decks, and in holds, all adrift together in a chaos of confusion; the men, of whom the vast majority had never seen the sea before, in speechless agonies of sea-sickness. I thought, with a shudder, what our fate would have been if a sea-accustomed enemy had swooped down upon us when in this plight. But the proverbial good fortune of Germania was with us: no enemy appeared.

"By next morning we were in rather better trim. A ship or two was reported sunk by collisions, which operated as a salutary caution to the others. The great fleet got slowly under way, each steam-vessel towing strenuously, for the wind was still unfavourable. The delays were incessant; ropes broke, ships went adrift; some steamers were too weak to tow, and had enough to do to propel themselves; and the diabolical confusion inside every ship still continued. By nightfall it was estimated that we had not made eighty miles on our way to England. At night, as the weather became worse and grew very foggy, the order was issued to lie-to till daylight,

while the frigates and corvettes scouted round the fleet. Just before daylight, when the fog was densest, there came booming out of it the report of a single gun. Then there was a crash of artillery, and huge shells came splintering among the confused mass of shipping. The ironclads steamed straight into the fog, seeking an enemy. Dimly from the forecastle of the *König Wilhelm* was discerned a vessel, evidently a war-ship, half enveloped in smoke. The admiral, pale from sea-sickness, was full of daring. From our fore batteries in the bulkheads aft the bow the ship's gunners opened fire on the foe, while the big ship put on steam and rushed through the water to ram her antagonist. Crash! everybody was thrown on his back; the ship staggered and strained to her remotest corner. The surface of the water was clothed with fragments and splinters, spars and general wreckage. The enemy was almost literally cut in two, and rapidly sinking; I heard the water pouring like a mill-race into her. Great God, it was no enemy! These were our own men around us in the water; it was our own *Arminius* that we had thus cruelly brained! Men sickened at the sight and thought—not this time with sea-sickness. The cry rose for succour, but succour could be only piecemeal. The shattered ship lurched and heeled, and then with a final heave, as in protest, went down like a stone. That morning old General Stülpnagel shot himself in his cabin.

"We steamed slowly back in our discomfort to the fleet, to learn of more mischief. The *Hansa*, an ironclad corvette, was gone utterly away in the fog that was now drifting off to leeward. An enemy's steam ram had come crashing in from the starboard side—we had been away to larboard—came crashing in among the merchant sailing vessels, ramming through them as a ploughshare goes through lea land. The *Elisabeth*, one of the finest of our older frigates, had a cargo of torpedoes on board with which it was expected wonders were to be done. By placing them round the mouths of

British harbours, it was anticipated that all the purposes that could be served by a blockading squadron would be fulfilled. Another use for which the torpedoes were destined was to encircle a fleet when lying at anchor with a girdle much like the *Feldwachen* of a land force, only differing in this, that whereas a *Feldwache* when attacked falls back, the torpedo was to blow up and annihilate everything around it. This morning had indeed furnished evidence that the torpedoes would blow up with extreme zealous readiness, but had not only weakened their reputation for discretionary explosion, but rendered it necessary to speak in the past tense of them and of the *Elisabeth* freighted with the mischievous cargo. A shell had struck and pierced the *Elisabeth's* side; whereupon, as eye-witnesses told, she suddenly blew into fragments. The torpedoes had exploded simultaneously, and the violence of the explosion had been fearfully destructive. The *Rhein*, one of the largest of the North-German-Lloyd steamers—a whole cavalry regiment on board—had been struck with a huge shell, punctured between wind and water, and was now on fire. And, strangest thing of all, not an enemy was visible. The fog away to leeward had a black density in it that seemed to tell of steamer-smoke; that was the only index we had to the whereabouts of the workers of our disasters.

"There was a council of generals and admirals in the flagship. Somehow all our admirals were of the type of generals, and all our sailors looked like soldiers. It was decided to go on after repairing damages. The *Rhein* had burned almost to the water's edge. It was afternoon before we got under way again, and I heard nobody now talking of 'der Ruhm.' We were unmolested. Perhaps, after all, the British ships, ghostly in their coming, ghostly in their going, had got nearly as good as they had given, and were in no present humour for more fighting. The setting sun gilded the green waves of the now calm water, and as we recovered from our sea-sickness our spirits rose

in a measure. Ha! what is that coming up out of the eye of the setting sun? The black smoke from a steamer's funnel. In the name of God, how many smoke-clouds are there on that golden horizon? They blend into one dense bank, ever advancing toward us, obscuring the golden evening as with a pall. It is the British fleet!

"Out to the front with the ironclads and men-of-war, and form line of battle! Now we can see the enemy, and out of that smoke-bank we shall snatch more of 'der Ruhm.' Back with the transports, tugged by all available steam power; steam power that does not propel ships armed with the cannon of Krupp. Ha! there is the *bonne bouche* from England, heavier rather than a Heligoland coping-stone! How the huge projectile crashes into the half-protected bow of the *Spicheren-Berg*—making her recoil as a horse checked with the wrench of a powerful bit is thrown on his haunches. Now they round to, those castle-sided monsters, and give us a broadside, while the low black ships with the gun-towers rising up out of them hold straight on, firing as they come. But neither are our gunners idle. There speaks Krupp in that yelling shell—another and another; Krupp can hold his own on sea as on land!

"The cannonade is deafening, furious; incomparable to it that French din from the beset heights of Amanvilliers. We soldiers, what can we do? Would God that that heaving sea were dry land, so that with the old shout of 'Immer vorwärts' we could get to hand-grips with these Britons so fond of long bowls! Here is one at least steering straight out of the smoke, that has a soul above long bowls. A stately, swanlike boat, with broadside batteries like our own; surely she has picked us out on the principle of 'like to like.' She rounds to for a broadside, and we give her a greeting of the same character. Sacrament! We are both so strong in our armour-casing that the shells drop off the sides as if they were musket bullets. Now she is alongside, armour-plate grinding against armour-plate, and

we can have it out in fair fight, where we soldiers can do something. Never mind those fellows in dark green in the tops, deadly marksmen though they are. Englische Freiwilligen are they? Herr Lieutenant, dress the left flank there! One schnell Feuer, and then over the side and into the Engländer with the bayonets.

"Who is that Schweinhund there that has leaped up, sword in hand, and is standing on the Engländer's bulwarks, holding on by the shroud? Pick him off, Fusilier Müller! With a wave of his sword he bellows 'Boarders away!' Donnerwetter! the avalanche of hell is upon us. Like wild cats, like monkeys, like raving lions, the bearded, open-throated sailors of Britain throw themselves into the *König Wilhelm*, cutlass in one hand, revolver in the other! Stand fast, Fusiliers, give them the bayonet! But how can you give a man the bayonet when he jumps with the force of a catapult bolt into your face, lays your head open, shoots the man next you, is up before he is down, and laying about him as if five hundred fighting devils were in his single arm? We might not conquer against a rush of fighting prowess similar to none of which we had any experience, but we could at least die. The scuppers of the *König Wilhelm* ran blood. Her sailors (in their boots) and our Fusiliers fought with the wooden doggedness of good Prussians, and when we got a chance we went at the cutlass-devils as we had gone at the Spicheren-Holz. But they took us front, rear, and flank, and crunched us up so that we could get neither formation nor the use of our weapons. Why need I dwell on the scene? It was in the starboard battery, where, having been hustled and driven I know not how, I took the quarter which an officer tendered me, and gave up my sword. From the main truck of the *König Wilhelm* the German flag had disappeared; the Union Jack waved there in its room. As I looked from the quarter-deck through the lurid smoke of the battle, I seemed to see everywhere that fluttering Union Jack.

Away behind us there was dismal confusion in the defenceless convoy. Steamers had cast off their towage and were steering out of the press; the sailing vessels, too, on its verges were getting out their canvas and making off; till the convoy looked liker nothing than a great flock of ducks in a pond suddenly scared by a stone falling in their midst.

"I can tell you no more of the battle, for, wounded and bruised, I had to go below and find somehow a doctor and a berth. The *König Wilhelm*, with ten more German war-ships, were sent prizes into the Thames; we, the wounded prisoners, to the number of some three thousand, were accommodated in Greenwich Hospital, near London. What came afterwards I learnt chiefly from English newspapers during my captivity. The English ships seen in the Baltic with the Danish fleet had been dummy men-of-war, large merchant steamers disguised to deceive us. What fragments of our expedition effected an escape met with diverse fate. Some of the ships ran into Dutch ports, where the Hollanders, as scrupulous neutrals, interned the soldiers till the war was over. Others got back to Wilhelmshafen to find it besieged by the Hanoverian Landwehr. The older soldiery had not forgotten King George, and the King of Saxony had artfully sent among them their old officers who, when Hanover was annexed to Prussia in six-and-sixty, had to the number of over a hundred joined the Saxon army rather than take service under the Prussian flag. These had stirred the old leaven, and Hanover was in insurrection. The mouth of the Elbe was blockaded, and some ships, frustrated in making this refuge, steered

for the bay of Tønning instead, to find Schleswig up as well as Hanover, and commanding the Kiel Canal from the old line of the Daneverk. Nor were those all the intestine troubles. The Southern Confederacy, in angry assertion that Prussia had violated the Imperial Germanic Constitution, had massed armies on their frontiers next us—armies full of the bitter recollections of six-and-sixty. At a word these were ready to cross the frontier, but it seemed as if South Germany preferred that North Germany should have the lesson taught her by the foreigner.

"The foreigner was not slow by any means with his lesson. The truth is, Goschen and Gortschakoff had engineered an European compact against 'der Ruhm.' Russia—all Poland now her friend—was over the Vistula, with her legions marching straight on Berlin by Bromberg. An English army had landed at Glückstadt, and, strengthened by Danes and Hanoverians, had given fortified Hamburg the go-bye, and was steadily pushing up the valley of the Elbe. The French, with a great spasm of revengeful joy, had hurried troops to the frontier, had regained Alsace and Lorraine, half glad, half sorry; and, regardless of Metz and Strasburg still hostile, had swarmed over the Saar and down the Moselle on to the Rhine.

"Ah, children, I am getting tired, and my heart is very sore. Those who don't know it already too well may read of what a fight Prussia made—no more for 'der Ruhm,' but for very life,—and how the Treaty of Copenhagen muzzled and mangled her. Thank God, you never hear of 'der Ruhm' now."

NOTE TO MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS.—JUNE NUMBER, p. 133.

The quotation (both words and music) is from "Fidelio." The phrase was employed by Schumann as the *motif* of the piece in his *Album für die Jugend*, alluded to.